

GARDEN TAPESTRIES OF THE RENAISSANCE (Illustrated).
 DING OR MENDING OLD COTTAGES (Illustrated).

COUNTRY LIFE

19. TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

OL. XLVI. No. 1188.
 Entered as Second-class Matter at the
 New York, N.Y., Post Office.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
 AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
 CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1919.

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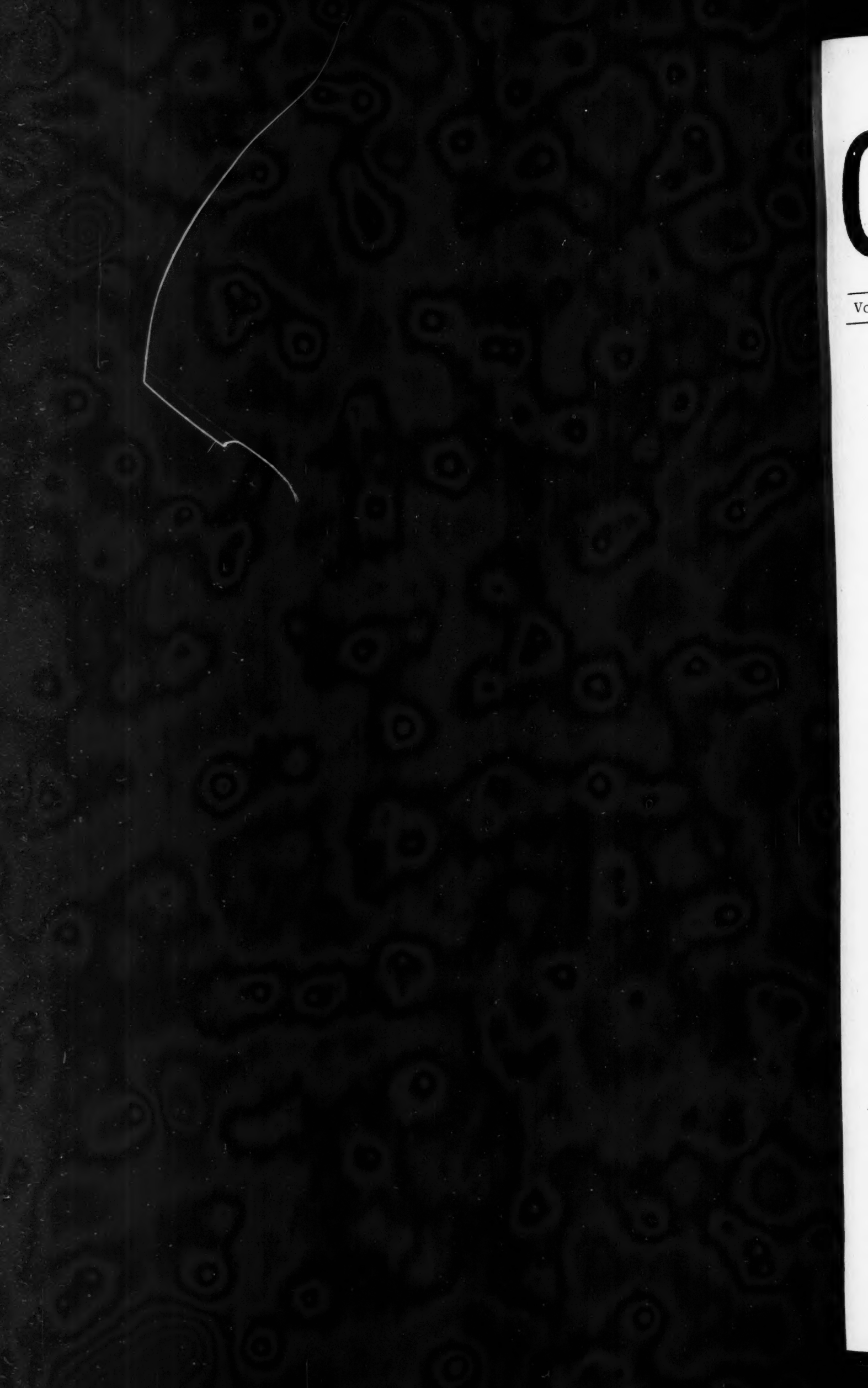
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Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.

Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 760

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BRITISH STAYING POWER

COMPARATIVELY few citizens of this country recognise the great place which is accorded to Britain in the eyes of foreign observers. Yet such an occurrence as the strike, now happily ended, invariably brings out expression of that attitude of looking up to England which is almost universal in other parts of the world. It was tersely expressed a little while ago by a distinguished Russian who happened, in this office, to be talking about the state of Europe. Of his own country he did not speak hopelessly, although one of the greatest sufferers by the Revolution. He thought Lenin and Trotsky had about had their day, and that the mass of Russian opinion would set in favour of a settled form of government. We spoke of Italy and the seeds of revolution that are always, in that country, ready to ripen; of France, and the fear of the Parisians that government would be shaken there as it had not been since the great Revolution; of Germany, Austria, and the other European nations, till at last the conversation came round to Great Britain. The present writer remarked that his own country was far indeed from being free of the danger that threatened other countries. The revolutionary spirit was abroad even in it. Immediately the face of the Russian clouded. "We all look towards England; if England goes, all goes." One has often thought of that spontaneous remark when reading of the anxieties aroused in France by the news of our railway dispute, and France has not been alone in recognising that a revolution in this country would be a direct blow to the civilisation of

the world. Such ideas have been ventilated and discussed in America; and even in Japan and China eyes are turned to England as the stronghold of settled government. In the past, whatever storms shook the rest of the world, they were successfully braved by the British flag. That is a consideration that ought to be taken more into account than is the case. Those who are inclined to gamble with the fruits of civilisation in this country might be steadied if they took into consideration the evident fact that any fundamental change here would be followed by something of the same kind in other parts of the world. No doubt Bolsheviks and other anarchists have well considered this, and their reason for trying in every way they can to produce unrest in this country is perfectly plain. If they could shake British government, and with it the British people, they would have advanced a long way on the path they desire to traverse. Hence their unremitting efforts to accomplish in this country what they have accomplished in Russia. They know that so great has been the oscillation of forces among the Muscovites that no change there would have an effect upon the *morale* of the rest of the civilised world. If the same thing occurred in Great Britain it would go far to place them in a general ascendancy.

But the way in which the country has emerged from the railway difficulty shows that the anarchist has reckoned without his host. It is now as in the past. The great body of British opinion is moderate and tolerant. Had such a strike as that organised by the railwaymen occurred in any other country in the world it would very quickly have led to scenes of bloodshed. Here it did nothing of the kind. We have never known the British public more resolute in resisting tyranny. It was curious to notice that members of the public had a perfectly open and impartial mind as to the alleged grievances of the railwaymen. In fact, there was a general desire that any wrong which could be proved should be righted. This is the more notable because the British tax-payer is learning, as he never learned before, that the demands so frequently made by various industries when granted are taken from the contents of his own pocket. But public resentment did not take this direction at all. The direction it took was that no single body of the community had a right to punish the whole of the remainder on account of a grievance, whether that grievance was real or not real. Wherever one went it was the same. Foot-weary men and women who had to trudge long distances to their work because the trains were not running never lost their temper and yet never ceased to blame the railwaymen for inflicting pain and trouble upon those who were in no wise connected with their affairs. Another feature was that common talk did not run much upon the iniquities of the strikers. It rather took the form of explaining how this and the other difficulty had been got over. The only feature that was ominous for the men on strike was the assumption that the country could not possibly surrender. Often a statement of this kind was accompanied by an expression of hope that the Government would set a stiff back to the demands. There was a fear that they would yield. To those who have studied English history this attitude was highly characteristic of the race. Strong common-sense, a love of liberty, and a determination to oppose dictatorship, from whomsoever it came, have been British characteristics since the day when William the Conqueror tried to impose his will on the Anglo-Saxons and failed; and all who followed him failed in the same way. It was the feeling that steeled the country to resist German dictatorship and that indirectly led to the winning of the war. Hence it gives hope for the future. We are all living in glass houses just now, and no one knows when the stones will come rattling against us. It would be extremely foolish to imagine that the strike of railway workers was to be the end of industrial trouble. More of the same sort of stuff is coming this way. But, if history be read aright, it will show that the bulk of the nation is sound at the core, and will unite in resisting every sectional claim to domination.

Our Frontispiece

WE reproduce as our frontispiece this week a new portrait of Lady Joan Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, the second daughter of the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam and a granddaughter of the first Marquess of Zetland.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE arrangement by which the strike came to an end has very greatly increased the interest in food prospects for next winter and spring. Thoughtful observers will be inclined to think it unlikely that there will be any fall in the present prices till late next summer, in which case the Government will be put to no expense in maintaining wages. The reasons underlying this forecast are that the cereal harvest is below the average, and the potato returns, although good, will not be anything like so large as last year, because less ground was devoted to the crop. On the other hand, there will be a European scramble for the surplus of foodstuffs which Canada, the United States and other countries will have to dispose of. A strong factor in the situation is the decreased productivity of Russia, which, before the war, supplied the rest of Europe with a large quantity of wheat. One effect of the Revolution has been to upset the agrarian system in Russia, and there is so much quarrelling about the ownership of land that husbandry, to a large extent, has been paralysed. That is the real reason why Russians in England who are solicitous for the welfare of their own country go in dread of a famine. It appears to be almost an inevitable result of the confusion to which Russia has been reduced. It may be added as a footnote to this, that German economists hold that there is more likely to be an increase in prices than a fall. German productivity has been far more enfeebled by the war than is generally believed.

A STEP in a good direction has been taken by a decision of the Ministry of Health to remove from the Building By-laws the prohibition of wooden houses. This ought to promote the quick utilisation of deserted Army huts. That they should be standing idle is more criminal than people realise. Before the writer is the example of a village about twenty miles from London, which probably is extremely like many other villages. There has been, during the last few weeks, a severe outbreak of diphtheria in it. Children have been the chief sufferers, but many elders are in hospital. The village is badly drained, and the houses might have been lifted entire from the worst slums in London. Diphtheria, as may be imagined, is no stranger to such a place. It lies in a hollow, and on the rising ground in the vicinity are a number of huts—useful, clean, with water laid on, even with gardens, where vegetables, planted by the soldiers, are running to waste and wildness. There are enough of them to relieve the worst cases of overcrowding; and there can be no question about the healthiness of their situation, and even their convenience, for the farms lying round are extremely short of cottages, so that the labourers have to travel miles on foot or on bicycles. Why these huts should not be let to people who would live in them, and be very glad indeed to pay a good rent, passes the mind of man to conceive. At that same village, beautifully situated on the side of a hill, with a fine southern prospect, is a hospital that many years ago was put up during a smallpox scare for smallpox patients. It has sixty beds and all kinds of accommodation. There never has been a single case in it, and its sole inhabitant at this moment is an aged woman who acts as caretaker. This is one of the many singular pieces of confused economy that one comes across in the country.

A WEEK ago we referred to the good work of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in making public what is proposed to be done in connection with old cottages at Castle Combe, in Wiltshire. In to-day's issue the article then promised is published. It will, we think, convince every intelligent reader of the absolute folly of allowing such fine old cottages to be destroyed, and as other similar cottages in different parts of the country may suffer a like fate, we cannot too strongly urge our readers to direct public attention to every kindred example of proposed demolition. These buildings are a national inheritance, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it will be found that under proper direction they can be made as healthy and as comfortable as the newest cottage, and that, too, at comparatively little expense. All that is needed is for every lover of the old and the beautiful to raise a protest against the philistinism that would sweep away so much that cannot be replaced.

THE CARRIER.

"Owd John's got past his work," said they,
Last week as ever was—"don't pay
To send by him. He's stoopid, too,
And brings things what won't never do.
We'll send by post, he is that slow.
And that owd hoss of his can't go."

But 'smornin', well, 'twas fun to see
The gentlefolks run after we.
Squire's lady stopped I in the lane,
"Oh," says she, "goin' to town again?
You'll not mind calling into Bings
To fetch my cakes and buns and things?
I've got a party comin' on,
And nought to eat . . . so, do 'ee, John."

Then, up the street, who should I see,
But old Mam Bessant hail'n' me.
And Doctor's wife, and Mrs. Higgs
Was wantin' vittles for their pigs,
And would I bring some? (Well, what nex'?)
And Granny Dunn has broke her specs,
And wants 'em mended up in town,
So would John call and bring 'em down
To-night . . . ? and so the tale goes on,
'Tis, "Sure you will, now do 'ee, John."

Well, 'tis a hevill wind that blows
Nobody any good; it shows
As owd John haves his uses yet,
Though now and then he do forget.
Gee up, owd gal. When strikes is on,
They're glad of pore owd stoopid John.

FAY INCHFAWN.

NATIONAL necessity in the matter of food supply has thrown fierce light on the possibilities of motor road transport. People are beginning to wonder whether the emergency system which has saved London from semi-starvation during the past week should not be developed into a permanent distributing agency. Are railways, in fact, so necessary to our daily life as we have always supposed? Is it not a good thing to transport from the source of production direct to the consumer? Under the normal system milk is carried from the farm to the railway station; it travels by rail to the town, and is carted again from the station to a retailer, sometimes with the intervention of a wholesaler. All this involves loss of time, which in the case of perishable produce means loss of freshness, and the produce is handled many times. The idea of direct deliveries is attractive, but there is another side which must not be forgotten. A goods train of twenty wagons, each holding, say, four tons of produce, means that eighty tons of food can be transported perhaps 100 miles in the charge of three men—a locomotive driver, a fireman and a guard. Twenty lorries carrying the same quantity would need twenty drivers. Moreover, for long distances coal is a far cheaper source of power than paraffin or petrol.

THERE is, however, another point in connection with road transport which must not be forgotten. At present far too great use is made of central markets. It seems to the layman a grotesque thing that the fish which is supplied to the consumer by the fishmonger at Hastings in most cases

reaches him by way of Billingsgate Market, and that fruit grown in the orchards of Kent will generally reach the consumer in Kent after being handled in Covent Garden Market. As a result, the London markets are choked with goods which need never go there, transport and labour are wasted, and the goods themselves deteriorate. To some extent this wasteful system may be modified by a network of road transport services, but they will not do away with the necessity for markets. Much is said against the wholesaler and middleman in these days, but it would be difficult to get business done without his help. Every grower cannot be a retailer. The remedy seems to lie with the establishment of strongly organised local markets, which would result in time in a quicker and more direct flow of produce from the grower to the consumer, for whose service a new race of local dealers would spring up. The great salesmen of London, however, are in a very powerful position, because the grower places his chief confidence in big markets rather than little ones, and unless little markets can be organised very competently and furnished with flexible transport systems which will allow a glut of produce to be moved quickly either to another local market or to a central market, the present system is likely to continue.

THE farmers this year have shown great alacrity in taking to heart the lesson of early sowing which has been urged upon them from so many different sides. Last year it was impossible, and the consequence was that a considerable proportion of land bore no crop at all, and a still greater part carried only spring-sown cereals which gave a most unsatisfactory return. Good husbandry, then, is the first incentive to early sowing in autumn. Another point is that by getting the ploughing done earlier the energies of the farmer can be devoted to work of a more permanent character, work that has been too long neglected. The man who finds his fields too small can devote himself to getting hedges grubbed up and two made into one. There is no need to insist upon the advantage of large fields where modern machinery is employed. Then a great deal of draining has either to be done or improved. In some cases it would only be necessary to clear the pipes laid down many years ago; in others the work will have to be attacked from the beginning. Farm paths and roads can also be attended to, and the motive power, whether it came from horses or machines, can be utilised for the transport of seeds and manures—always a great difficulty in days when farmers were compelled to do this kind of thing at the same moment, and that moment usually the latest at which it could be done advantageously.

A *Times* correspondent sends from Peking an account of the Chinese market for manufactured goods which deserves very close consideration here. In consequence of the strike British firms in China were warned by cable from England that it was impossible to guarantee either the dates of delivery or the shipment of goods for China, so that business with the United Kingdom is becoming impossible. Recently a Government order for £3,000,000 of rolling stock was laid before British engineering firms, but the prices they quoted were 50 per cent. higher than those of the Americans, and part of the order has now gone to that country. And Germany is in the running too. She has organised a large Chinese staff for operations in China and is evidently making preparations for cutting out British competitors. The correspondent says that British commerce in China was rapidly extending before the war, and the scope for our manufactured goods was practically illimitable. It would not be easy to find a stronger argument in favour of this country setting to work with a single-minded determination to recover, and more than recover, its old commercial position.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate verdict on the statesmanship of President Wilson, a full and generous sympathy will flow out to him in the illness with which he has unfortunately been seized. Probably no man in the world had his days and nights fuller of problems to think out on which the fate of nations depended, and on practical questions at home and abroad that in themselves would have taxed a man of ordinary energy to the utmost. On his return home after visiting Europe he had to go straight into a campaign for the justification of the policy he had pursued. President Wilson is one of those who do with their might whatever they set their hands to, and no one could have been less sparing of thought and action. It is not wonderful that he has broken down—temporarily let us hope—under the stress and anxiety forced upon him. But it is astonishing that he should have kept up so long. He is the first President of the United

States who has lent the colour of his own ideas to a great European peace settlement, and for this he will always cut a great figure in history. He cannot escape the fate of those who take such a leading part. He is bound to find critics as well as supporters, and this will probably remain so long as history is written.

WITH the *News of the World* Tournament the golfing season, as far as important competitions are concerned, may be said to have ended. This, the first year's golf after the war, sees for the time being a change in the leadership. The younger, though by no means the youngest, generation has stepped into first place. Abe Mitchell, who is thirty-two and Duncan, who is thirty-six, have undoubtedly been the two most prominent players of the season. Herd was the sole survivor of the old brigade, and he fell at the first clash before a young player who was taking part in his first competition. Vardon, Braid and Taylor all failed to qualify, and the two latter were to be seen at Walton Heath in a new rôle, not as combatants, but acting in some sort as seconds to Mitchell and Duncan, like the old prize-fighters supporting the young bloods in the ring. These three great golfers have the generosity not to grudge others a turn and the dogged patience to wait for their own turn to come again. That it will yet do so few who know them doubt. They will never be so invincible as they once were, but when next spring comes they will surely give us many flashes of their old brilliancy.

THE revival of "The Gondoliers," to be followed by a series of the other Gilbert and Sullivan operas, will bring pleasure to hundreds of people outside the circle of regular theatre-goers. Most of us go to these operas in a frame of mind entirely different from that in which we go to any other play. To a new play we go hoping that we may be amused; we go to Gilbert and Sullivan knowing that we shall be amused and luxuriating in our sensations beforehand. We are in the same mood as when with lazy delight we turn over the pages of some beloved book rejoicing in the old jokes which are as well known to us as was the story of the old grouse in the gun-room to Mr. Hardcastle's retainers. We are familiar with every little trick of the players and can prophecy with accuracy how many encores will be awarded to "A regular royal queen" or "The flowers that bloom in the spring." We may even have consciously to refrain from that most exasperating habit of humming the tunes to ourselves. The joy of renewing an old friendship is so great that we feel only pity and not envy towards those who hear the operas for the first time.

TO A CHILD WHO WASHED UP.

(In time of stress.)

You clamoured for a brush, a pail.
Down toys! . . . To-morrow I shall think
How you, my Eight-Year Abigail,
Brought love and laughter to the sink.

Conjuring my watched pot to boil!
—How goodly should your life appear,
If you discern, come-ease, come-toil,
The grace of humdrum kindness, Dear!

JOYCE COBB.

THE aspiring novelist is beginning to gasp with apprehension. Publishers have laid it down as an axiom of their trade that it will no longer be possible to publish a new novel unless a circulation of at least two thousand can be assured. But the first novel of many a man who afterwards became famous has sold by hundreds instead of thousands. And so the budding Thackeray is disheartened. He sees only too well that the publishers have reason on their side. They cannot speculate on coming fame so freely because it costs so much more in every direction. Mr. Massingham points a way out that seems practicable. He suggests that the authors should combine to publish their own books. They could easily form a selection committee, to be changed annually, and, in addition to selecting and rejecting books, would also organise a system of distribution with the booksellers. It would be necessary to raise funds at the first by subscription in one form or another, probably the formation of a little company would answer best, and if the enterprise were successful the losses could be met by an allocation from the profits. If the publisher is going to give him up, the young author might do worse than consider this scheme.

FEEDING THE COUNTRY

WE have all been made very happy by the ending of the strike. It interfered in a most direct manner with the comfort and convenience of nearly everybody, and the rejoicing with which its end was greeted reminded one of Armistice Day. It may sound a discouraging note if we suggest that means should be taken now to ascertain the expense to which the country has been put by the railway workers. It could not be very well expressed in money, for the loss of time and the deflection of energy have been at least as important. Great Britain was not at all in a favourable position to indulge railway workers, or any other workers, in the luxury of a strike. What was needed was a great business rally, not commercial paralysis. However, we may be thankful that the country has emerged from this ordeal as victoriously as it did from the Great War. Thanks for this are due in great measure to the Food Ministry, an organisation which did not oppose itself to the railway workers in any way. As a body it has no politics. Its aim was strictly confined to meeting the food requirements of the nation. That it did so successfully was due to two causes. The first was the prudent foresight which led to the drawing up of a plan to meet such an emergency as has arisen, at least six months ago; the other is the fact that just because we had emerged from a great war the country was in possession of a great deal of transport machinery, and, what was of more consequence, there were thousands of men and women who had been taught the organisation of food supplies.

Many months ago—in the spring of the year, in fact—it was recognised that some such step as that which has actually been taken might be expected. If the country had really been taken by surprise, it is impossible to say what would have followed. No brain could have improvised an organisation of the food supply in time to prevent severe privation. The matter is too complicated.

The whole question of food has been treated on the same principle, but the organisation of the milk supply will best show the working of the scheme. The plan adopted was to organise a service of trolleys along the lines of the railway routes by which farmers were accustomed to send their milk. This was by far the speediest and most convenient method of going to work. Along most of the lines of railway there was established a service of motor transport which practically carried the milk from the stations to which it was habitually sent. There were two columns along the Great Western, one along the London and South Western, one along the Great Eastern, and two along the Great Central which carried the supplies, also which came along the Great Northern and North Western. For the purpose, routes were carefully mapped. The places where the vehicles had to be parked and the cans had to be dumped were carefully chosen and marked on the map. Every detail was thought out, including the supply of petrol, the shops for doing repairs, the use of cold storage, and so on. The very first step was to put all the milk already in London in cold storage, and when the supplies came up the next day, that in cold storage was used first and replaced by fresh milk. Milk has come in abundantly. Practically speaking, there has been a full service. It amounted on Friday to 75 per cent. of the usual consumption. But we have to remember that there is an increase of price in October, and the increase in price is invariably followed by a diminution in demand, so it is calculated that 75 per cent. means rather more than a full supply to London. The arrangement was not confined, as may be supposed, to the Metropolis. There are some nineteen hundred food control committee areas, and it may be interesting to note that in 92 per cent. the price will be below the London maximum. In the other 8 per cent. it is fixed according to the circumstances as they are understood by the Local Food Control. The plan was, as far as possible, that each locality should attend to the details of the arrangement, so as not to overwhelm the central body with attention to matters which could be easily kept right by those near the area from which the supply came. At present there is plenty of milk in London. In fact, the restaurants and places like that are being encouraged to use it more freely, because it is recognised as an unfortunate fact that a great number of consumers save on their milk bill whenever the price rises, and it is sound policy to encourage, as far as possible, the use of this, the best food for children. It is also to the farmers' interest, because high prices are of little avail unless the sale keeps up also.

Another point that was insisted upon in the organisation was that none of the vehicles which came to London or

the other great towns with milk should go back empty. They were utilised to carry to the various districts from which they came the foods most necessary to that district. In that way very full use has been made of the supply of motors. The problem of feeding London could not have been considered with the breadth of view and the simplicity of arrangement which were adopted if it had not been for the experience gained during the war. After all, the feeding of London was not such a difficult problem as that of managing the commissariat of three million fighting men in a foreign country. They had also the advantage of possessing a vast number of motor vans which had been used for the food supply of the Army. Necessarily, many of these had been considerably knocked about, but they have served a very notable purpose, and were supplemented by vans from the leading stores, private owners, and help from the Automobile Association.

It is too soon to draw any conclusion as to whether road transport might not in the future be substituted for rail transport. The closest calculation shows that food is carried in bulk on the railways at an average rate of sixpence per ton per mile. No van that has as yet been invented could do the carriage so cheaply; but it is believed that the motor van is capable of development on economical lines, and that the no distant future may see a transport by road that will be as cheap and efficient as that of the railway.

The experience gained is invaluable in view of the possible substitution of motor vans for railway trucks at some later date. The relative advantages and disadvantages are pretty well known. Railways undoubtedly follow the most favourable routes. Indeed, those who built them went along the lines of the old coaching roads, which, in their turn, followed still more ancient tracks. During the strike the motor vans operated along the same lines as the railways. Railway stations were used as depôts; not that the food supplies were dumped in them, but near by, suggests that the original companies chose the best position for depôts they could think of. Depôts would be necessary to motor lorries as much as to trains, especially in the transport of agricultural produce. In London, too, the motor would have to have its depôt. It had Hyde Park on this occasion. Thus the cost of collection and the cost of distribution would not be enormously large. It is the cost of carriage that must be reduced if the motor van is to be brought into play.

At present the railway is the cheaper form of transit. At the same time, there are goods of one kind and another which it pays the grower to send to market himself. Many market gardeners and fruit growers use their own vans, and it may be presumed that they would not do so if they did not find it a cheaper and more efficacious method.

The Food Ministry urged traders to use such transport as was at their disposal to the fullest possible extent before making any call on the special facilities provided by the Government. If, however, it was impossible to arrange transport in any other way, the Divisional Food Commissioner put any available transport at the disposal of the producer. For these services his charge for carriage was sixpence per ton per mile, except in the case of milk, where special charges were in force. The difference between the actual cost of transport and this charge will have to be met by the Government. To reduce that charge will be the object of future motor engineers.

In Hyde Park everything there is going on with the the regularity of an old-established concern, and few would realise how detailed the arrangement has been to secure this end without studying the matter. Let it be fancied that some rough form of transport had been improvised, and those who brought milk and other food to London had been told to dump it in Hyde Park. One can well understand what a confusion and turmoil there would have been. Men going out and coming in at the same gate, putting their loads down in the wrong place, taking the most crowded routes, and all the rest of it. It is very different, because Hyde Park has been mapped out as carefully as though it were a military camp. Each driver from each district knows exactly the gate at which he must enter, the place where he is to unload, and the route by which he makes his exit. There is no confusion. Empty cans and other impedimenta of that kind have their place; the whole is arranged like a gigantic store, set out in compartments where each individual has his own duty to perform. Hence there is no confusion. Food has been received and distributed with an order and efficiency for which there can be nothing but admiration.

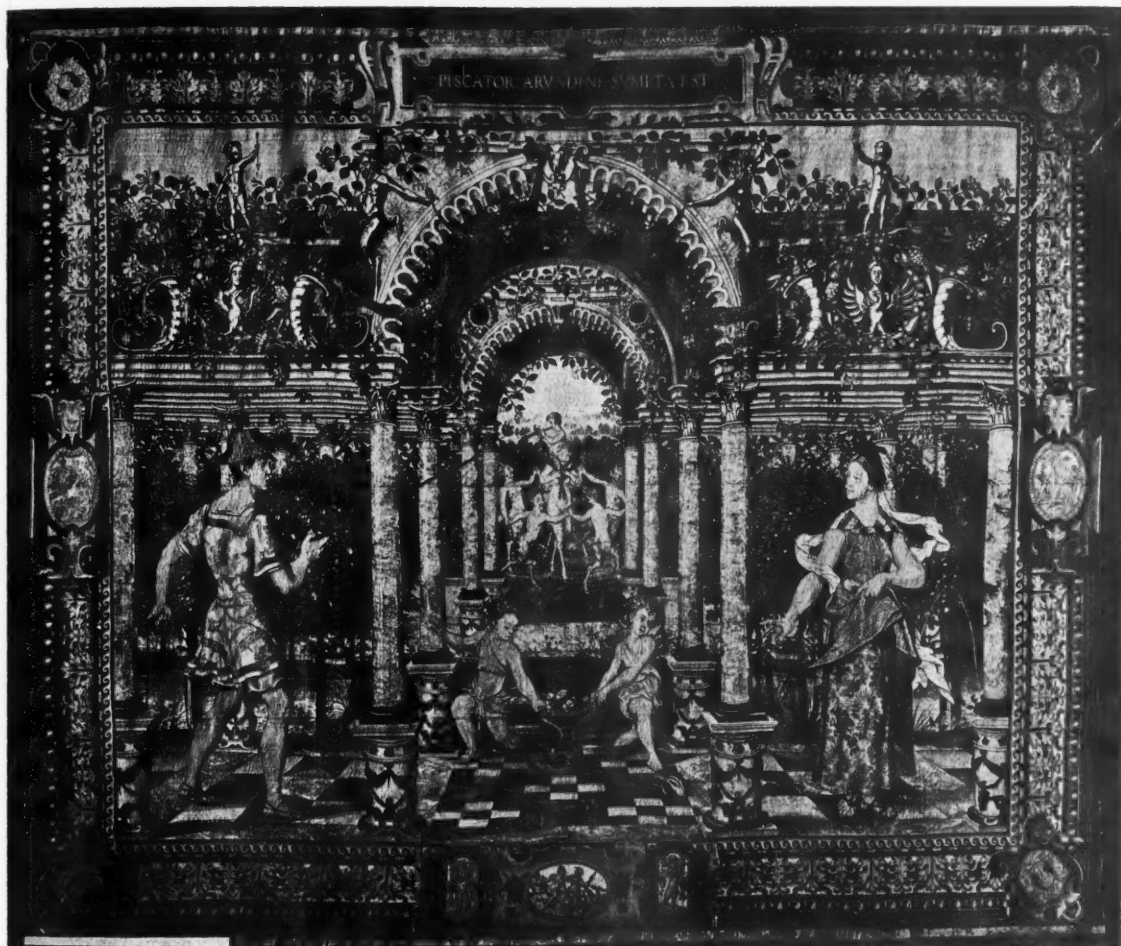


GARDEN TAPESTRIES OF THE RENAISSANCE

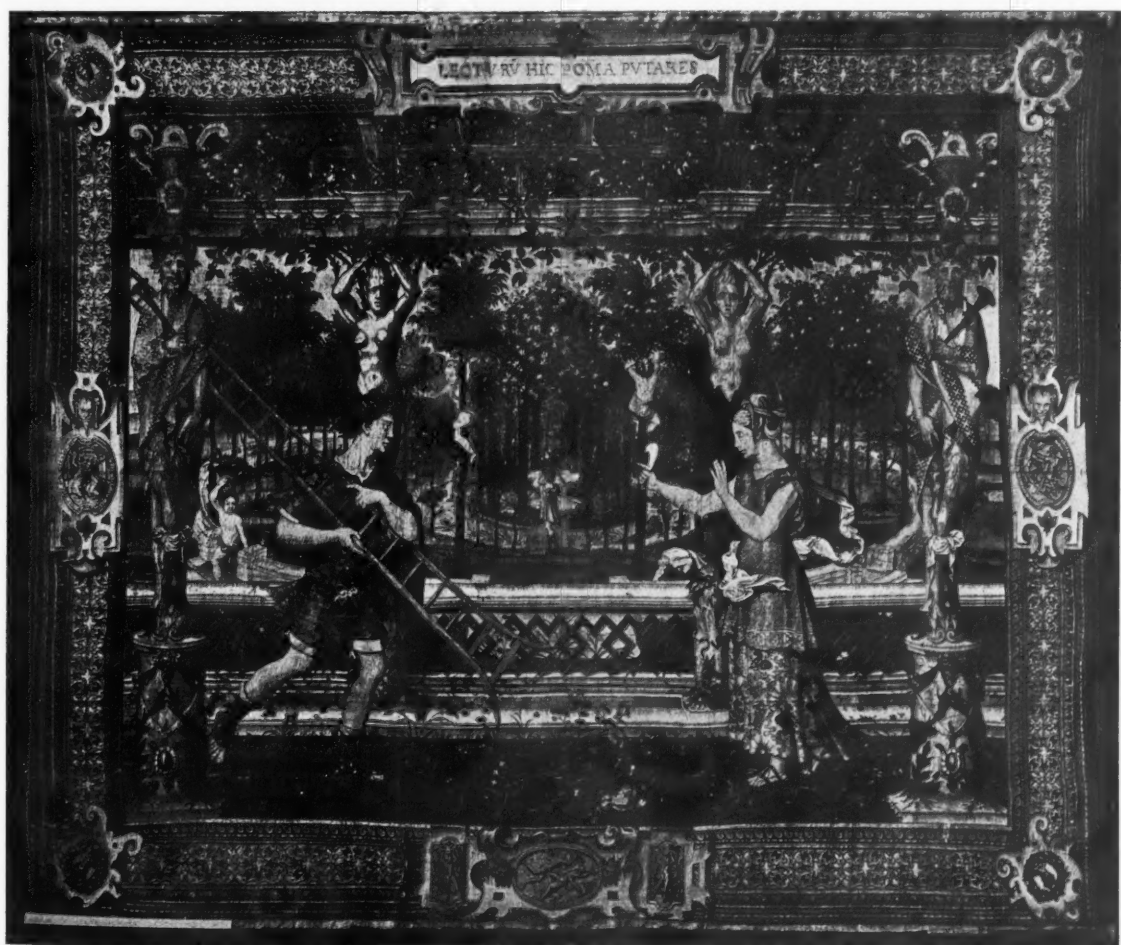
I.—THE COURTSHIP OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA

FROM the nature of the subject, tapestries representing gardens, with their arbours, terraces, paths, beds, trees and flowers arranged in more or less orderly profusion and intended only as pleasure haunts, are not to be found before the Renaissance. In the Early Mediæval period the garden consisted of a small space of ground enclosed by walls and containing, perhaps, a fountain with a few flowers in pots or sparsely planted in the soil. In time the size of the garden became larger, and in consequence the number of plants was increased, but never with the sole idea of giving æsthetic pleasure—all served a utilitarian purpose. Some were vegetables, others flowers used as "simples." The beauty of these was greatly appreciated, but they were cultivated for their useful qualities. The rose was given its place in the garden for its "vertues," hence "the juice of roses, especially of them that are reddest, or the infusion or decoction of them, is of the kind of soft and gentle medicine and may be taken without danger . . . it is also good to be used against the shaking, beating and trembling of the hart, for it driveth forth and despatcheth all corrupt and evil humors in and about the veines of the hart." Some of the most beautiful flowers were used as salad herbs, but it is only fair to state that they were sometimes made to serve as decoration in the form of garlands, etc. Some Gothic tapestries, such as the one representing the Adoration of the Magi at Berne, made about the middle of the fifteenth century, show the elementary garden having flowers planted on the ground with occasionally a brick-faced bank on which are sparsely planted flowers. The favourite and characteristic foreground of Gothic tapestries presented the appearance of a flowery meadow sometimes exquisitely rich. As veritable flower or pleasure gardens did not exist until the sixteenth century was well begun it is not surprising that early inventories show no titles of garden subjects proper, although the catalogue of Henry VIII's tapestries enumerates over eighty hangings in which there were fountains. In his reign began the great improvement in gardening; during the reign of Queen Elizabeth the plan and functions of gardens underwent great development, and much ingenuity was shown in devising intricate arrangements of flower plots.

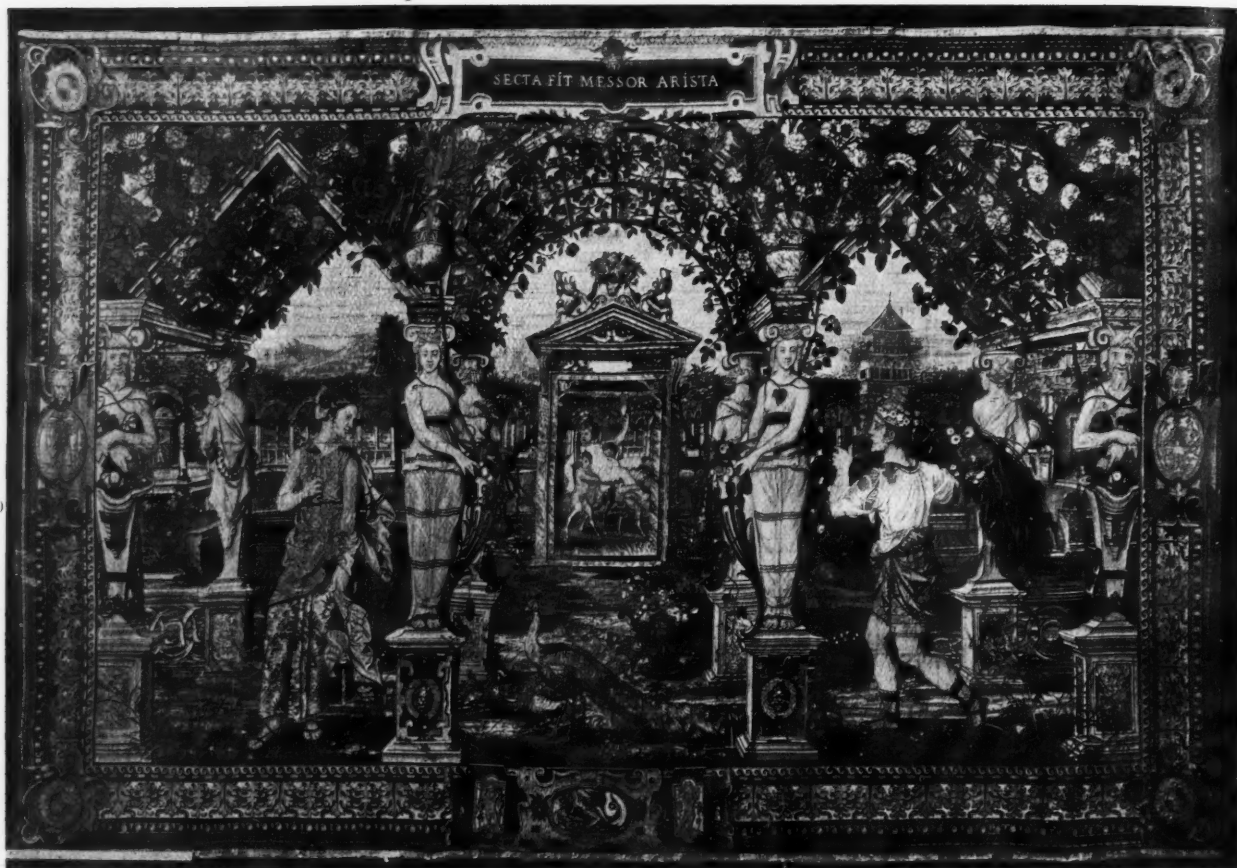
Looking at the exquisitely beautiful flowery mead foregrounds in Gothic tapestries one can understand how difficult it must have been to persuade the weavers to give up this splendid feature so admirably suited for expression by their craft, and in place of it to endeavour to represent garden surroundings as they really existed. One of the greatest and most successful breaks-away from traditional restraints is evident in the magnificent series of tapestries entitled "Vertumnus and Pomona" in the Royal Collection of Spain. It represents different episodes in the courtship of the Goddess of Fruits by the God of the Seasons, who appears in the rôles of a soldier, a fisher, an agriculturist, a haymaker, a grafter of trees, a reaper, a gatherer of fruit and an old woman, after which he resumes his natural form. The garden shown in the tapestries is magnificent. The foregrounds are more or less flagged or planted with flowers; in one instance there are beds, protected by low trellis-work, containing small topiary trees. Upon it rest fine caryatid figures supporting arches and angular-topped openings covered with rich foliage, flowers and fruit. Through these are vistas showing the infinite variety of the old garden beyond. Down some marble-paved pergola we catch a glimpse of the great god Pan filling the garden with his music or engaged in a lively dance with his hoofed progeny around him. Old Silenus of the vine-encircled brows is there also; he is being borne away by his band of satyrs. For the old gods the garden is their ideal dwelling-place. Further, there are orchards in orderly plantation with boys gathering fruit, groves of nut-bearing trees with conies among the herbage, woodlands dim, the home of Dryads, having deer feeding in the open glades. Streams abound in the garden; among the flower-beds are children ministering to the plants. This, in a way, seems a suggestion of "les Enfants Jardiniers" tapestries of a later date. The freedom of conception, the magnificent decorative qualities of this series, the dignity of its figures, its wonderful caryatids and colonnades, its beautiful trellised arches of roses and vines, and the richness of its detail in general constitute a manifestation of the spirit of the Renaissance unsurpassed in any art or craft. The popularity of the



THE TRANSFORMATION OF VERTUMNUS: HE APPEARS AS A FISHERMAN.



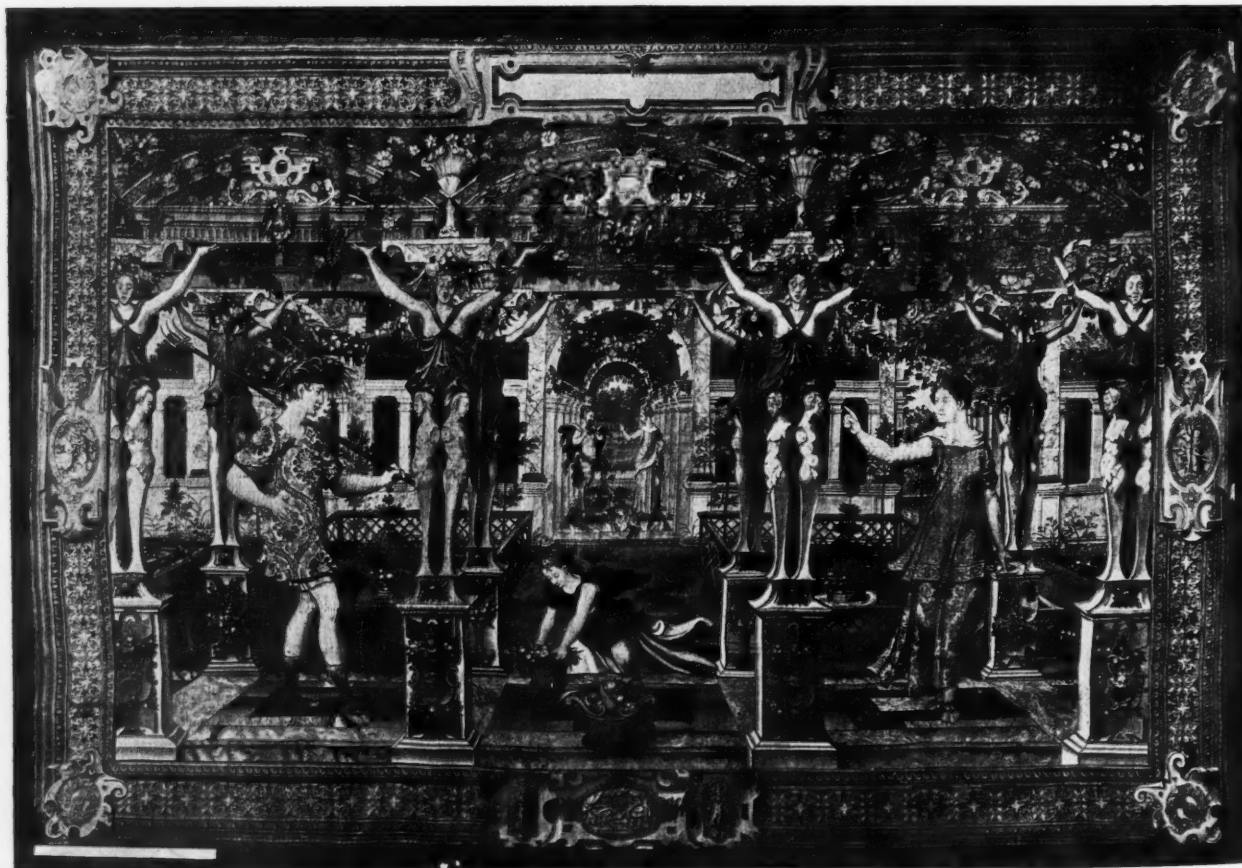
AND THEN AS A FRUIT PICKER.



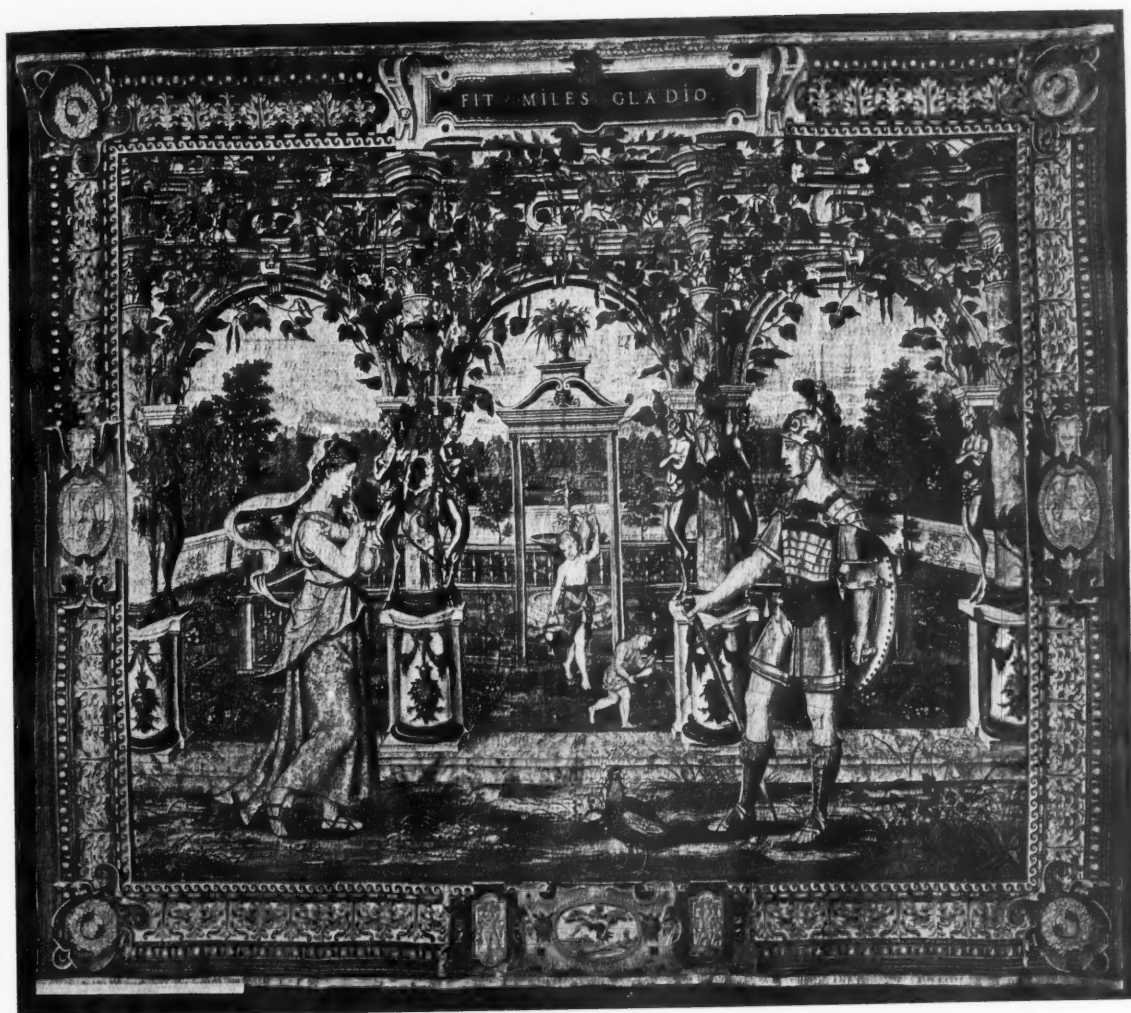
HE APPEARS AS A REAPER.

"Vertumnus and Pomona" series caused the cartoons to be reproduced several times. There are four sets in the Royal collection of Spain. Three of those were woven of silk and gold in Brussels, two being by William de Panne-maker, the premier weaver of his time. Some of the panels herein illustrated bear his mark, too minute, unfortunately, for reproduction. Another set contains the mark of George Vezellet or Vescher of Brussels, from whom the Emperor

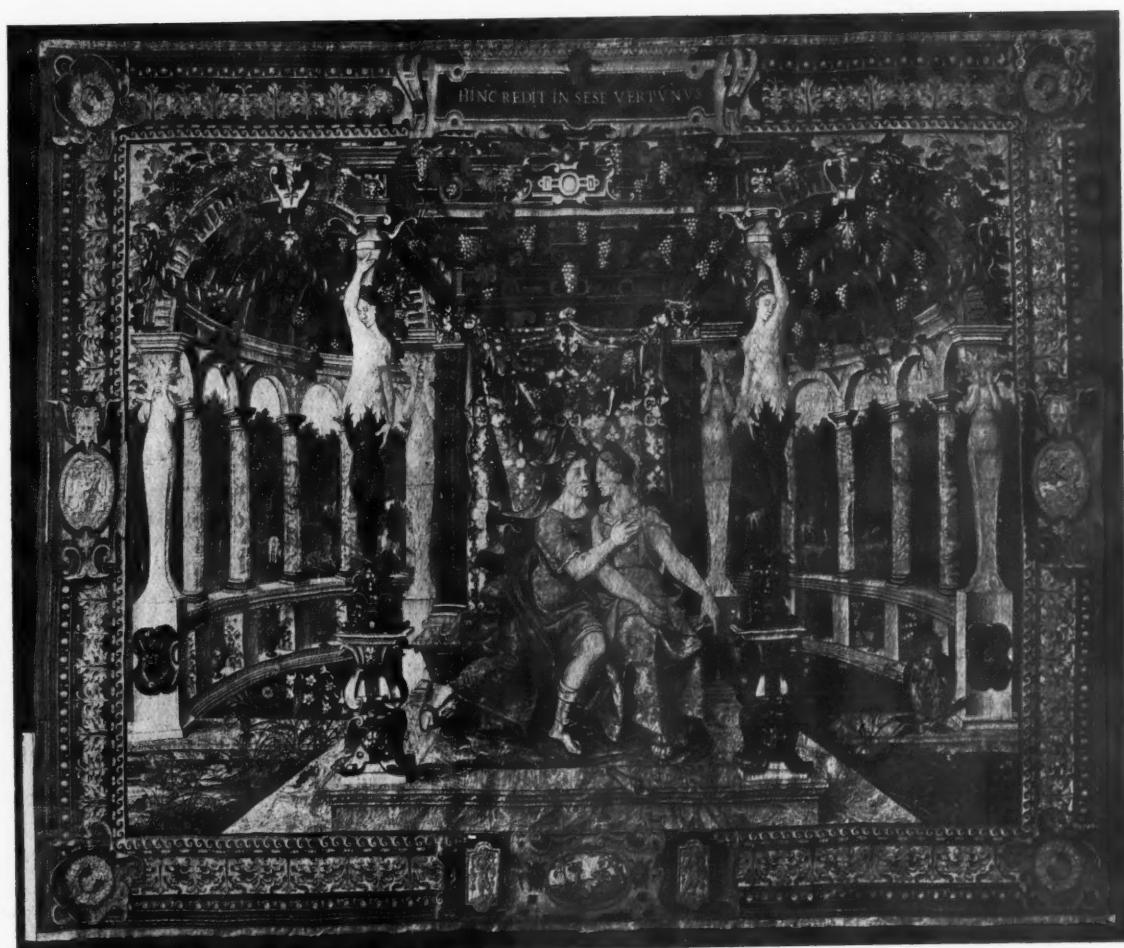
Charles V purchased it before 1546. There is also a set in the Royal Collection of Austria. The borders of these tapestries are of a type unusual at their period. One of the variations, except in its cartouches, is a remarkable anticipation of a kind of border which did not become general until into the eighteenth century. It occurs on the panels representing Vertumnus as a soldier, an agriculturist and a reaper, also where he resumes his natural form. W. G. THOMSON.



AS A HAYMAKER.



HE BECOMES A SOLDIER WITH A SWORD.



VERTUMNUS HIMSELF AGAIN.

A TRAGEDY OF THE HUMBLE

The Splendid Fairing, by Constance Holme. (Mills and Boon, 6s. net.)

TO a series of four novels Constance Holme has added the most perfect of them all. Every true lover of letters will delight in it. There is nothing of the ordinary stuff with which the second-rate writer amuses or interests the reader of the hour. No problem, no propaganda, no purpose, no side issues of any kind are touched upon. The book is original in the highest sense. It does not depend on the bizarre, the fantastic or the super-ingenuous, but deals directly and simply with human nature. For her chief character the novelist has not chosen youth and romance, but age, the sickness of hope deferred, the bitterness of failure and the ache of disappointment. Like "Beautiful End," its predecessor, *The Splendid Fairing* is but the story of a day. Its central figure is a wintry-faced old woman bothered with her eyes and otherwise reminded that she has come to the failing years. Most people, had they seen Sarah and Simon jogging slowly to Witham Market in a ramshackle farmer's gig drawn by a horse rapidly qualifying as meat for hounds and with the old harness knotted together with string, would scarcely have thought them worth notice, merely Darby and Joan drawn by Rosinante—all three at the breaking point. Yet for them Miss Holme, by dint of sympathy and understanding, backed by a keen sense of drama, has evolved a story of interest so poignant as to be painful.

The history of Sarah and her husband can be briefly epitomised. When they got married they went on a little farm of which the writer, after quoting the old saw, "be honest with the land and it will be honest with you," goes on to say that this was an exception to the rule.

Everything went wrong with that farm that could go wrong, as well as other things that couldn't by any chance have gone anything but right.

A more analytical novelist would not have left this as a mere matter of fate, but would probably have analysed the hidden reason which stood in the way of success. Miss Holme very rightly does not waste printer's ink on detail. Her opening scene is that in which she describes the slow recognition on the part of the aged couple that the time has come for downing tools. It is a confession wrung from brave and patient workers. Their minds have been dwelling on it, but the fact that something has gone wrong with her eyes and blindness seems imminent, precipitates the declaration which comes, when it does come, with the simplicity of nature:

"I doubt it's about time for us to quit."

"I doubt it is."

"I never meant to gang till I was carried," Simon said.

Poverty, that grim drill-sergeant of the poor, will endure no outcry in the ranks. The two do not wail or beat the breast, and yet being human, though unlearned, they feel, but cannot find words to express, the sadness which comes to those who have to admit that for them the long day's work is done. Common sights and sounds assume a new significance under the influence of the excited nerves and suppressed emotion. They find something ominous and strange in the cry of a heron, the flight of a seagull that with flapping wings follows the cart, the gaze of a motorist who stares at them as he passes. And the reader also feels that Fate is weaving for them some strange doom. The very scene through which they were passing became part and parcel of their mood.

The road was damp and shadowy under the overhanging trees, and padded with the hoof-welded carpet of the autumn leaves. The fields on either side were formless and wet, and seemed to stretch away to unknown lengths. The hedges appeared to wander and wind across the land without purpose and without end. Under all the hedges and trees there were leaves, wet splashes of crushed colour on the misted grass. Simon lifted his whip to point at the hips and haws, and said it would be a hard winter when it came.

It was in the wild October daytime, but had a June sun been shining on the magnificence of summer it would have but deepened the melancholy by the contrast so often presented between human joy or grief and Nature's indifference.

In Sarah's case there is a grief which adds despair to her regret. Her husband had a brother, and the two were married on the same day in circumstances expressly calculated to humiliate Simon and Sarah. They went to church in poor and simple dress, but the other woman, who had been a rival for Simon's affection, had arranged her own marriage to take place on the same day with a glory of new

clothes and general ostentation that threw them into the shade.

Eliza sailed down the aisle again amid giggles and loud asides, but Simon and Sarah crept quietly out of the church by the door through which the singing bird had flown. They stood in the grass among the rose bushes on the graves, and watched Eliza drive triumphantly away. The parson followed them out to make a kindly speech, which they were far too angry and humiliated to hear. He wanted to tell them that God had certainly liked them best, but he knew they would not believe him if he did. They were so certain that it was Eliza who had had the beautiful hour. They were too simple to know that it was only they who had any of the beauty to carry home.

From that sprang a bitter enmity that did not lessen with the progress of events. One of them has all the luck from a worldly point of view. Riches accumulate. Their farm, Blindbeck, is a model. Eliza is looked upon by her thoughtless visitors as the moving spirit of this paradise; but relentlessly and insistently she is shown with her plausible, bitter tongue, stabbing and tormenting her sister-in-law, who it must be added, every now and then "gets one back" with a cut and force beyond anything of which Eliza is capable. Their relations are still further strained when George, the son of Simon, and Jim, the eldest of the other family, grow up. They have an extraordinary similarity both in appearance and character, and Jim, following his natural bent, becomes more like the son of his uncle than of his own mother. Sarah, in almost the only good word she has for the Blindbeck family, says:

Twins? Ay . . . and as like as a couple o' peas. As like as a couple o' gulls on the edge o' the tide. . . .

Both boys have disappeared, gone to Canada twenty years before the story opens, and the jealous, exclusive affection Sarah has for her own boy darkens her soul and intensifies her hatred. We need not dwell on an outcome which would be seen to be perfectly natural by those who follow the story. Nor, indeed, would it be fair to spoil the reader's pleasure by saying too much about the plot. The psychology with which it is worked out is, however, extraordinary. Sarah's great lie, by which she succeeded in turning the tables on her adversary is an outcome of the subconscious workings of her mind. Hints obscure at the time but very intelligible when the end is reached, have let her understand, in a dim inarticulate way that out of her great love and instinct she had divined the truth. The moment of inspiration passes, however, and the spirit which had risen to an almost prophetic dignity relaxes again, limp and humiliated. It is only in the great scene which ends the story, that the truth stands clearly revealed. Thomas Hardy in his *Satires of Circumstance* did not imagine a destiny more savagely ironical than that which sent to Simon and Sarah their *Splendid Fairing*.

The tale, it will be observed, is no joyful one. On a first reading it produces an uneasy, apprehensive fascination, as if one were led, *malgré lui*, through a street of hopeless woe and *dolor*. That, however, is only a transitory feeling. To read it again is to recognise that the writer, in her own true voice, is but chanting an ancient tale of woe or describing the unceasing battle of life in which the selfish and arrogant too often prevail.

Great in her ending as in her conception, Constance Holme does not mitigate the horror of the catastrophe by the admission of a hope or a hint that the rack of this world's strife will be atoned for in the next. Like a Greek or Pagan she ignores any compensation for unexhausted improvement in a better world.

Little space has been left to give a few examples of Miss Holme's rendering of the shrewd Westmorland people, but here is one example from a conversation between Sarah and one of her nieces.

"There's a deal o' power in brass." The words came as if of themselves from behind the mask-like face. "Folks say it don't mean happiness, but it means power. It's a stick to beat other folk wi', if it's nowt else."

"I don't want to beat anybody, I'm sure!" Sally laughed, though with tears in her voice. "I only want what's my own."

"Ay, we all on us want that," Sarah said, with a grim smile. "But it's only another fancy name for the whole world."

We must also give at least one of Sarah's repartees to Eliza.

"You're leaving Sandholes, aren't you?" Eliza asked, exactly as if she were addressing somebody over the road—"leaving because you're broke! You're coming to Blindbeck to beg of Blindbeck, just as you've begged of us before. Simon told Will, if you want to know, and Will told me, and

every farmer at market'll be taking it home by now . . ." There was a murmur of discomfort and disapproval all over the room, and then somebody in a corner whispered something and laughed. May roused herself and pushed her way past Eliza with burning cheeks; but Sarah stood perfectly still, looking down at the blurred presence sneering from her chair.

"Ay, we're quitting right enough," she answered her in a passionless voice. "We're finished, Simon and me, and there's 'nowt for it but to give up. But I've gotten one thing to be thankful for, when everything's said and done . . . I'm that bad wi' my eyes I can't rightly see your face . . ."

P. A. G.

THE PART OF MEPHISTOPHELES

Heartbreak House, by Bernard Shaw. (Corstale, 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE are few writers who lend themselves so much to interesting criticism as Mr. Bernard Shaw. He has ideas, charm and style. There is no great need to beat about to account for his popularity. It would be astonishing if he were not popular. But in this book he challenges solid argument rather than literary criticism. Yet the two things cannot be put into separate water-tight compartments because the opinions which Mr. Bernard Shaw is pleased to express react on his literary achievement, and his tastes in literature react upon his economic ideas. As an example of this we might take the most brilliant of the sketches included in this volume, "O'Flaherty, V.C." Up to a point it shows Mr. Bernard Shaw at his best. O'Flaherty is not a novel type of Irishman. He might be described as a huge burlesque cartoon of the typical Irishman of Lever or Miss Somerville. But he comes ramping in with all the extravagances and exaggerations with which the author in his most rellicking mood could invest him. O'Flaherty's mother is drawn on the same large scale and with similar contortions. The reader may think, in his serious moments, that there never was nor never could be an O'Flaherty in real life or an O'Flaherty's mother, but still he is amused. Unfortunately, the "playlet," as the author calls it, is rather broken-backed. The beginning, or what we may call the upper part, glows with life and energy; the lower part is only worth citing as an example of the abject manner in which a writer, capable of brilliant satire, can sink into the purest burlesque. One wonders why this is, and the explanation is not very difficult to find. It lies in the author's lack of artistic sincerity. As far as he is concerned there is no need to explain the phrase, which simply means that we do not believe that Mr. Bernard Shaw is solely intent upon following the light. Some of his audacious sallies are probably intended merely to "pull the leg" of the reader or a clever writer's little flourishes to show how very clever he is.

In describing character he is more attentive to propaganda than to human nature. O'Flaherty, V.C., and his mother are but marionettes. What they say is that there is no such thing as patriotism or true love or faith or hope or, in fact, any simple virtue. Mr. Bernard Shaw is too finished a man of the world to do anything so crude as to preach this doctrine in naked terms, so he puts words into the mouths of his marionettes which come directly from his own cynical intellect. The soldier proves that he has no claim to bravery, although he has won the V.C., and nobly won it in the opinion of minds less sophisticated than that of his only begotter. He has no love of the country for which he was fighting; indeed, he told his mother that he was going to fight on the side of the French against the English, and she accepted the story as naturally as she concluded England would never be right until Horatio Bottomley was its Lord Lieutenant. To mock at simplicity in pathos, in passion, or in any other form is part of Mr. Shaw's role.

But it is very evident that Mr. Shaw considers the preface to *Heartbreak House* as at least as important as any other part of the book. It is an essay forty-seven pages in length. In it he attempts to give a description of England during the war. May one suggest that Ireland, posing as a "neutrah" country and industriously "ringing in the chips" when England was fighting and suffering, might have yielded more abundant material to the Satiric Muse? Instead he shows how an Irishman looked upon the struggle in which Britain was engaged. That there was any virtue in it or any greatness he is far from admitting. His aim seems rather to draw the most injurious generalisation, often from a solitary fact and always from very insufficient data. It is only necessary to epitomise some of his opinions in his own words to show the trend of his argument.

For half a century before the war civilisation had been going to the devil very precipitately under the influence of a pseudo-science as disastrous as the blackest Calvinism.

Given that extract the intelligent reader will easily be able to make for himself the extension of it, which occupies several pages. Here is another picture of the "wicked half century" as he sees it:

It was superstitious, and addicted to table-rapping, materialisation seances, clairvoyance, palmistry, crystal-gazing and the like to such an extent that it may be doubted whether ever before in the history of the world did sooth-sayers, astrologers, and unregistered therapeutic specialists of all sorts flourish as they did during this half century of the drift to the abyss.

On the outbreak of war

attractively dressed young women found they had nothing to do but parade the streets, collecting-box in hand, and live gloriously on the profits.

This libel, at any rate, needs no comment!

No person unlucky enough to be charged with any sort of conduct, however reasonable and salutary, that did not smack of war delirium, had the slightest chance of acquittal.

There was only one virtue, pugnacity; only one vice, pacifism. That is an essential condition of war; but the Government had not the courage to legislate accordingly; and its law was set aside for lynch law.

As to the young men who went to the war and never returned, here is their epitaph:

It became necessary to give them a false value; to proclaim the young life worthily and gloriously sacrificed to redeem the liberty of mankind, instead of to expiate the heedlessness and folly of their fathers, and expiate it in vain. We had even to assume that the parents and not the children had made the sacrifice, until at last the comic papers were driven to satirise fat old men, sitting comfortably in club chairs, and boasting of the sons they had "given" to their country.

The boy in whom we saw a hero was but stuffed

with a romance that any diplomatist would have laughed at.

But one important admission that he has to make is that

behind all this public blundering and misconduct and futile mischief, the effective England was carrying on with the most formidable capacity and activity.

The man whom he puts up as a model is Bolo.

Did any hero of the war face the glorious risk of death more bravely than the traitor Bolo faced the ignominious certainty of it?

The contrast drawn between Church and theatre concords exactly with what has gone before. One quotation will suffice:

Nobody had ever warned them against a church as a place where frivolous women paraded in their best clothes; where stories of improper females like Potiphar's wife, and erotic poetry like the Song of Songs, were read aloud; where the sensuous and sentimental music of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Gounod, and Brahms was more popular than severe music by greater composers; where the prettiest sort of pretty picture of pretty saints assailed the imagination and sense through stained-glass windows; and where sculpture and architecture came to the help of painting. Nobody ever reminded them that these things had sometimes produced such developments of erotic idolatry that men who were not only enthusiastic amateurs of literature, painting, and music, but famous practitioners of them, had actually exulted when mobs and even regular troops under express command had mutilated church statues, smashed church windows, wrecked church organs, and torn up the sheets from which the church music was read and sung.

One might fill a large page with similar extracts and spend much time and energy in refuting opinions about Great Britain which, if honestly held, would show the author's judgment undermined by prejudice. It would mean that he was entirely shut off from the great currents of thought and feeling which surged and flowed during the war. These accusations are founded upon evidence on which a dog would not be hanged. It is, in part, Carlylian raving, with the force and truthfulness and nobility of Carlyle left out; in part, Mephistophelian scorn and mockery. He says, in effect, to England's dead: "Poor fools! You went out to fight and be sacrificed as pawns in the hands of a chess player. Vain your sacrifice! Your patriotism was no more than the 'pathriotism' of my native Erin!"



THE portraits of Sir Henry Blount at Tyttenhanger represent him in middle age with character stamped on every feature (Fig. 11). As a boy he had shown such quickness of parts that in 1616, at the age of fourteen, he went as a gentleman commoner to the Oxford College to which his father, as owner of Tyttenhanger, annually sent "a fat buck and a hogshead of Claret," as we have seen. Two years at Trinity gained him his B.A., so that in 1618 he left Oxford, where, "for his wit, easy address and entertaining conversation he was considered as promising a genius as any in the university." Entering at Gray's Inn, he combined study of the law with those visits to France and Italy which were then becoming the finishing touch to a young Englishman's education. In him they aroused interest as to the ways and customs of other countries and determined him to study them far afield. He tells us later that his former time spent in viewing Italy, France and some little of Spain had taught him little new, these being "countries of Christian institutions," whereas he would certainly gain fresh experience and come across ways and thoughts contrasting strongly with those of his own countrymen if he penetrated into South-East Europe, especially

as that region was now possessed by the Turks, "the only modern people great in action and whose empire hath so suddenly invaded the world and fixed itself on such firm foundations as no other ever did."

The Turks and their manners in peace and war he will, therefore, learn on the spot, and he will go on to "view Grand Cairo" as being "clearly the greatest concourse of mankind in these times." Sailing from Venice in 1634 he crossed to Spalatro, and there joined a caravan that was starting for trade purposes on a circuitous route to Constantinople. Sarajevo, "metropolis of the Kingdom of Bosnah," he finds small and meanly built, but notable for the goodness of its water and the "vast, almost giant-like, stature of the men." Here the caravan seems to join up with a Turkish army marching thence "for the war of Poland," and he has cause to doubt the perfection of the Turks, whose good qualities and governance he wished to prove in order to remove the belief current in England that there was nothing in their dominions but "sottish sensuality." He relates how, "after many launces and knives threatened upon me," he is "invaded by a drunken janissary" and might have perished, had not the janissary's iron mace become entangled in his "other



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1.—THE "PRESENT" ENTRANCE HALL.

It uses up Jacobean panelling similar to that in the Chapel. The ceiling is modern.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—IN THE CHAPEL.

The Chapel, consecrated in Commonwealth times, is on the second floor, and occupies the space between the staircases on the north side.

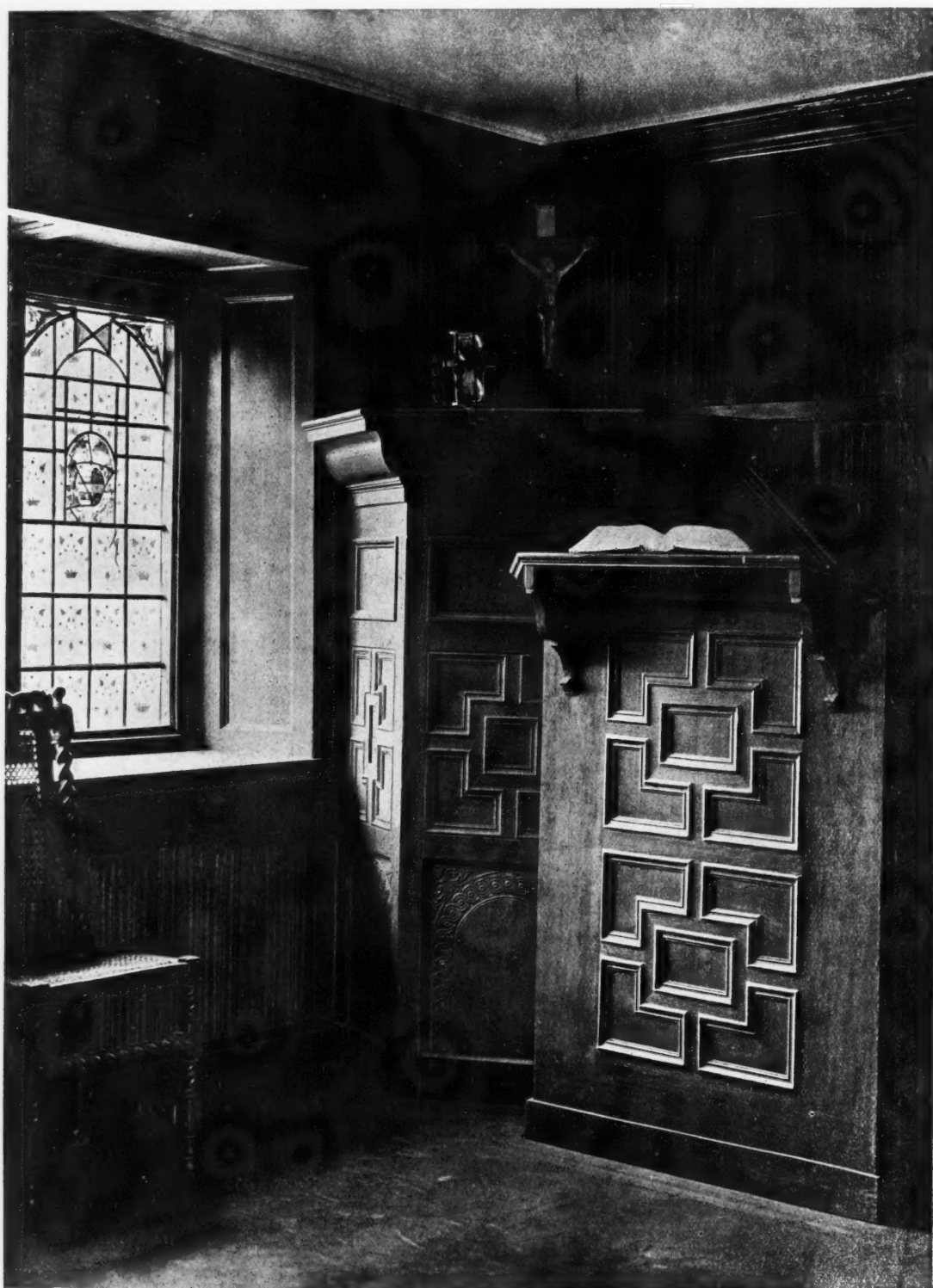
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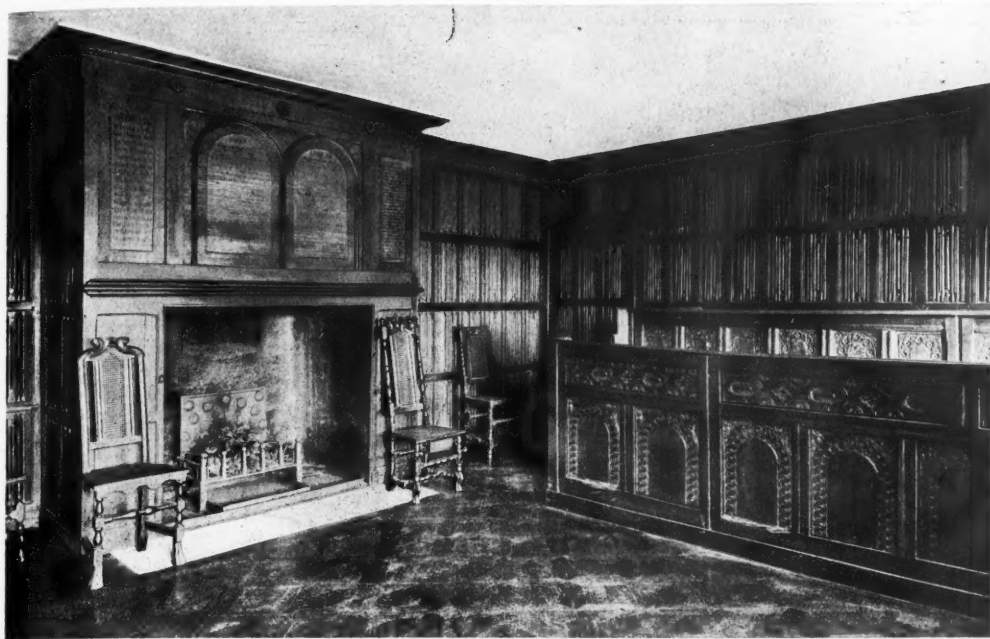
furniture" and permitted of escape among the rocks around. He does not seem sorry when army and caravan part company, and the latter, journeying by Belgrade, Sofia and Adrianople, completes a 1,500-mile voyage in fifty-two days and reaches Constantinople. Thence, with the Turkish Fleet, the traveller sails to Egypt intent on seeing "Grand Cairo," where he is well received by leading men. He described their fine dwellings and the manner of his reception. Entering a great hall, the "Lord of the Palace" beckons to him.

Then bowing often, with my hand upon my breast, I came near; where he, making me sit down, there attended ten to twelve handsome young pages, all clad in scarlet, with crooked daggers and scimitars richly gilt. Four of them came with a sheet of taffety, and covered me; another held a golden incense with rich perfume wherewith, being a little smocked they took all away. Next came two with sweet water and sprinkled me; after that one brought a porcelain dish of coffee, which when I had drank another served up a draught of excellent sherbet.

Only after these processes of disinfection, perfuming and refreshment did conversation begin by means of an interpreter. He left Egypt in a French ship which took him to Palermo, whence he crossed to Naples and, passing through Italy,

reached Venice eleven months after he had left it, having travelled 5,000 miles. His "Voyage to the Levant," first published in 1636, was so popular that it went through eight editions within his lifetime. Knighted at Whitehall by Charles I in 1640, he, as a gentleman pensioner, attended the King at the battle of Edgehill, where tradition reports him in charge of the young Princes, and afterwards at Oxford. But when the Royal cause was lost he explained to the Parliament that his action was not political, but that he had merely carried out his official duty as a gentleman pensioner. He easily obtained forgiveness, and was made use of by serving on the 1651 commission to regulate abuses of the law and that of 1655 on trade and navigation. Therein his experience made him expert, and he again served in 1669. After that he led a retired life, no doubt enjoying the house he had built at Tyttenhanger. His means will not have allowed a sumptuously decorated interior such as we found at Thorpe. He put the best work of his day on his staircase and landing, but was nowhere else lavish. Work in the Webb manner is elsewhere scarcely found except upstairs in a lobby and little room in the centre of the east side, where it is good but



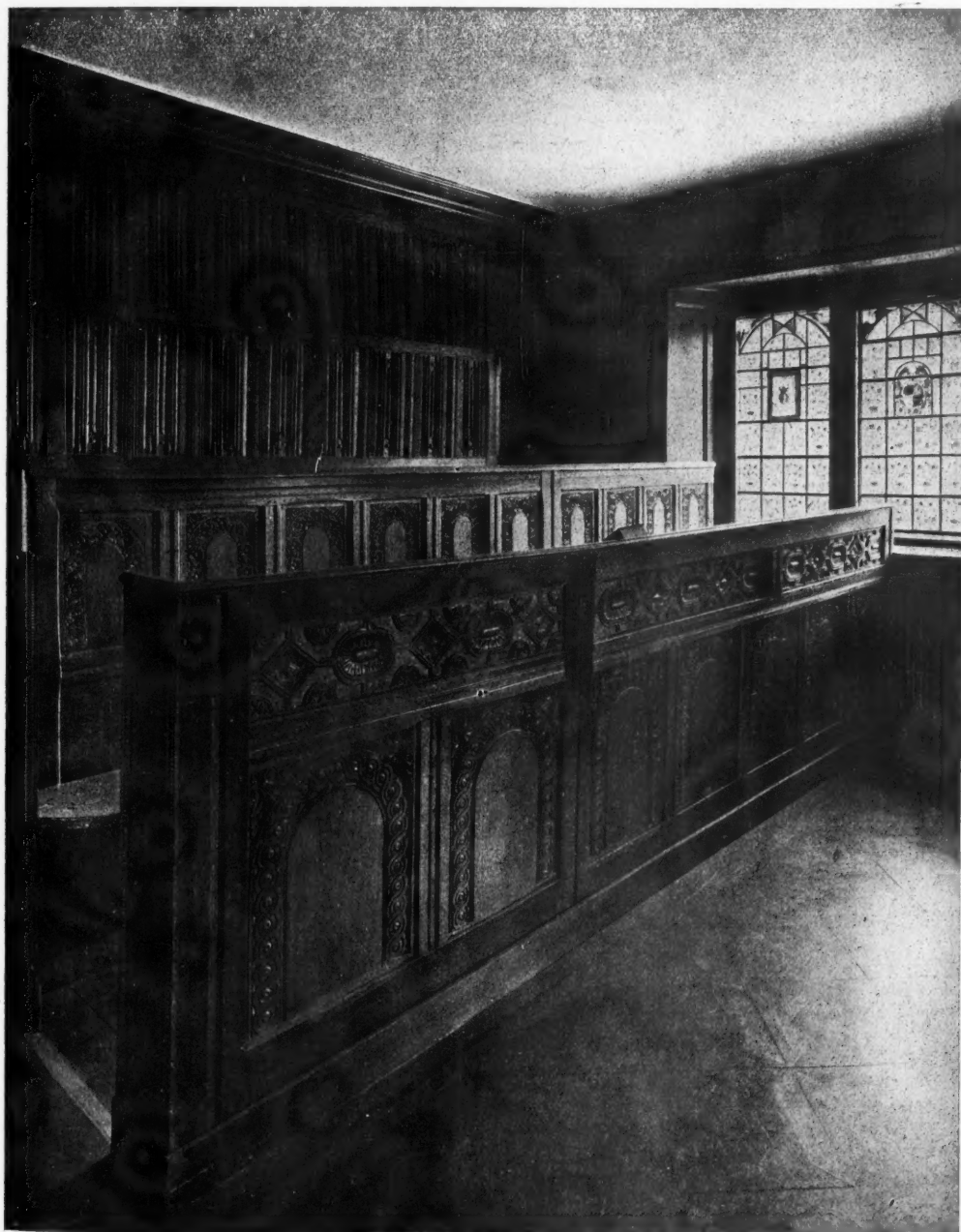


Copyright.

4.—CHAPEL PEWS AND MANTELPIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The Henry VIII wainscoting and the Jacobean panelling of the pews will have been in the old house.



Copyright.

5.—NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

simple, as we saw at Thorney. Many of the important rooms were very likely left for future treatment, and certainly now show no decorative work earlier than the eighteenth century, except where it is the re-use by Sir Henry of material from the house he pulled down. We have seen how the great stair was continued upwards to reach the chapel and gallery on the second and third floors, and in both of them the outstanding feature is woodwork of Henry VIII's time in the form of linenfold panelling.

In connection with the chapel we get the one known piece of documentary evidence that supports the view that Tyttenhanger was built before the Restoration of 1660. There survives a certificate dated 1684—that is, soon after Sir Henry's death prevented him from himself bearing witness, and therefore signed by Thomas Laut, Rector of Hornsey in Middlesex—asserting that the Tyttenhanger Chapel was consecrated by "Ralph, Bishop of Exeter, in the time of the late rebellion." This was Brownrig, the "strict Calvinist," anti-Laudian Master of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, who obtained the See of Exeter in 1641, and being, despite his Calvinism, a strong Episcopalian and Royalist, was deprived in 1645. He remained in England, living with such lay Anglicans as dwelt in and about London and would harbour him. At their houses and on the quiet, he occasionally performed such episcopal functions as ordination and consecration until his death in 1659. Thus he may have been an *hâtiué* of the newly built Tyttenhanger towards the close of his life. Certainly he was the most likely man to oblige Sir Henry by secretly consecrating his chapel at a time when it could not



Copyright.

6.—IN THE ROOF GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It runs from end to end of the southern section of the roof, being about 100ft. long and entirely lined with linenfold panelling from the old house.



Copyright.

7.—THE NORTH OR SUMMER DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have been done openly. Thus the act was not on record when proof thereof was sought by Sir Henry's son and successor. Unless we hold that Laut's memory deceived him as to an event that had occurred a quarter of a century or more earlier, we must conclude that a new chapel was consecrated at Tyttenhanger in Commonwealth times, and that that chapel can be no other than the one which occupies the second floor of the centre of the north front of the present house (Fig. 4). It will be seen that it is wainscoted from floor to ceiling with four rows of linenfold panelling, that pulpit and seats are made up of enriched Jacobean woodwork (Figs. 3 and 5), and that the only woodwork which may date from Sir Henry's time is over the fireplace and has Commandments, Creed and Lord's Prayer in black lettering on gilt background. The glass of the window has charming heraldic panels in the centre of each light, while every quarry has a yellow floral design. At the top the leadwork is arched, leaving spandrels from which winged cherubim look down. The pulpit and reading-desk occupy the north-east corner, and to the latter is fixed the old wrought-iron stand of an hour-glass. The chairs are among the few remaining pieces that date from Sir Henry's occupation. They are of the twisted or turned straight leg and stretcher type, with high back cane panel and carved cresting, that came in with the Restoration and was still in vogue when Sir Henry died.

The amount of linenfold panelling in the abbatial house must have been very large, for we not only find it lining Sir Henry's chapel, but also two of the first floor bedrooms and the long roof gallery (Fig. 6), a feature which was by way of being a survival in Sir Henry's time and to which an additional air of previousness is given by his introduction of the Henry VIII wainscoting. That is its only decoration, the walls and ceiling being plain plastered. Music and wet weather exercise for ladies were often the original purposes of such galleries. But in our days it has become a lumber-room, and needed much clearing and arranging before the photographer could show how pleasant and spacious an old-world space the great stair ultimately reaches.

Descending it again, we find ourselves amid a somewhat later age. The hall (Fig. 1), although some of the same Jacobean woodwork as was re-used in the chapel appears as its wall lining, has a reconstituted look, but does not show by any detail at what period it became the principal entrance. From it a door enters the library, which has an Early Georgian flavour about it, and will have been given its present appearance before the male line of the Blounts ended. The Dictionary of National Biography tells us that Sir Henry had made Tyttenhanger over to his wife, and thus, in 1678, when she pre-deceased him by four years, their eldest son, Thomas, came into possession. Whether it was as owner of Tyttenhanger that a baronetcy was conferred on him the next year, or as a recognition of his standing as a politician and author, is not clear. He sat in the House of Commons and held certain subsidiary parliamentary offices. But he tended to be a recluse, and laboriously compiled several books of reference valuable to his generation. Yet he had little opinion of "dry as dust" learning, and declared that: "There is not a simpler animal and a more superfluous member of the State than a mere scholar." A son and a grandson succeeded him, but the latter was the last of the Blounts of Tyttenhanger. The house has seldom been more than the occasional residence of its owners since that time, which accounts for the slightness of subsequent changes and additions in structure, decoration and



8.—MANTELPiece IN THE SOUTH DRAWING-ROOM.



9.—THE FIRST FLOOR ANTE-CHAMBER, OPENING FROM THE STAIRCASE LANDING.



Copyright.

10.—THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The large projection of the chimney breast is occasioned by the great kitchen fire arch, twelve feet wide, being behind it.

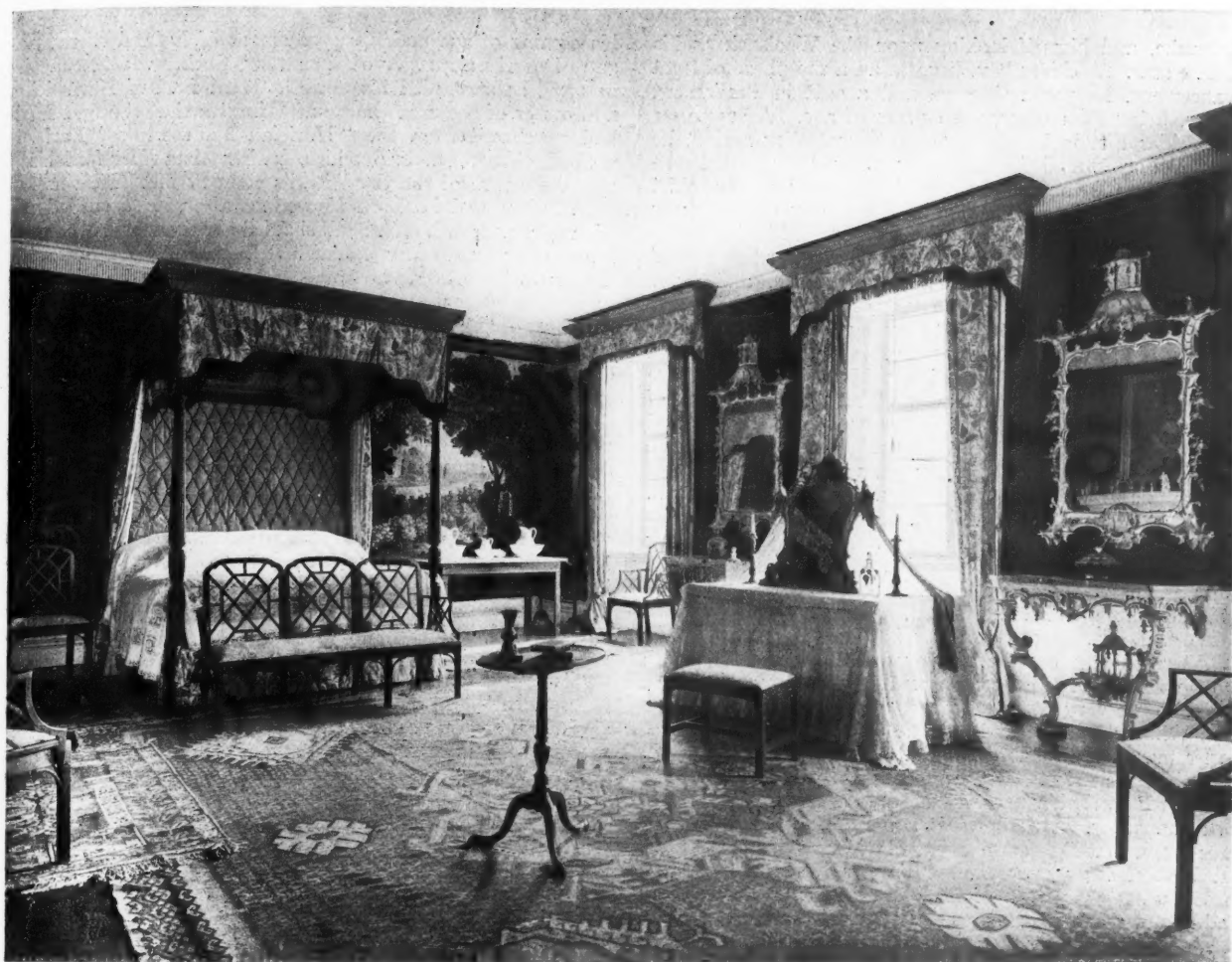
furnishing. Where the work ceases to have Webb attributes it so largely belongs to the first half of the eighteenth

century that we seem transported back to that age out of the sheer modernity of the scenes that have crowded the villa-lined, tramwayed road from London to beyond Barnet, but which then abruptly cease. Tyttenhanger has not only retained its own old-world flavour, it has impressed it upon its environment. It is the centre of an oasis of ancient farms scattered sparsely over an area of fields and woods.

Sir Thomas, the first Baronet, died in 1697, and Sir Thomas, the second, in 1731. To his thirty-four years of ownership may surely be assigned the wainscoting of the library (Fig. 10) and the chimneypiece in the south drawing-room (Fig. 8), both of which rooms have the same cornice, while the north drawing-room has one more richly wrought with acanthus leaves (Fig. 7). The upstairs ante-chamber (Fig. 9) is in the same manner, but has received some later attention, for though the wood carving over the door belongs to Georgian times, it has evidently come from elsewhere and been cut up to fit the position. It is a remnant of decoration in the Chinese manner of Johnson, Locke or Chippendale, which Sir Harry, the third Baronet, appears to have favoured. There are excellent mirrors of the kind in the north drawing-room, but the most typical pieces are in the bedroom over the south drawing-room, where hang verdure tapestries (Fig. 12). Here are between-window mirrors and side-tables (Fig. 13) and also a dressing-table glass (Fig. 14) as fancifully Chinese as the most elaborate designs in the books of the designers. Pagodas are set on rocks or hang in mid-air; bells depend from every point of curved scroll; fruit and flower associate with shellwork and icicles. The last decade of the reign of George II saw the climax of this taste, and as a label under one of the table-tops tells us that this set belonged to the Blounts, they must certainly be an



11.—SIR HENRY BLOUNT, THE TRAVELLER (1602—1682.)
Builder of the present house of Tyttenhanger.



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12.—THE TAPESTRY BED ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It lies over the south drawing-room, and contains typical pieces of furniture in the mid eighteenth century Chinese style.

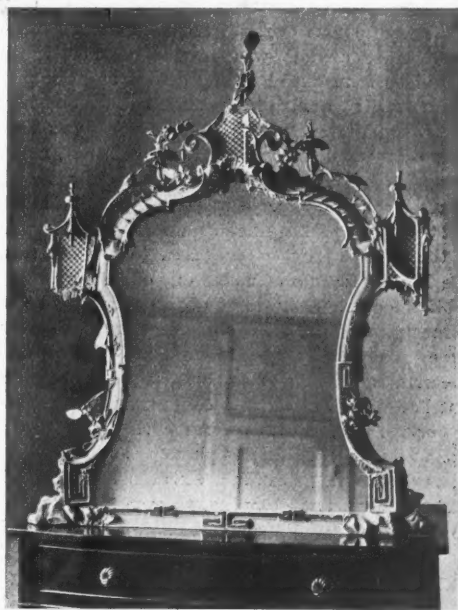


13.—ONE OF THE CHINESE MIRRORS AND SIDE TABLES IN THE TAPESTRY ROOM.

addition made by Sir Harry in his old age. His parson-brother, childless like himself, had pre-deceased him, and his sister Katherine was his heir. She was wife to the owner of a batch of Hertfordshire manors. When Sir Henry Blount, the traveller, was a little boy in his father's old house at Tyttenhanger, a rich London merchant, William Freman, bought the manor of Aspenden, near Buntingford. His son Ralph here succeeded him in 1623.

A Lord Mayor of London, a wealthy but extravagant man, he added Hertfordshire acres, and so founded a county family that in the days of the later Stuarts generally represented Hertfordshire in Parliament. The last of them, however, appears to have been the least.

Mr. Cussans tells us that William Freman succeeded his father in the Aspenden and other properties in 1742, having, twelve years earlier, married Katherine Blount. But nothing else about either of them does he tell us except that they had an only child, Katherine, heiress to both father and mother, who in 1755 married Charles Yorke, younger son of Lord Chancellor



14.—DRESSING-TABLE GLASS IN THE TAPESTRY BEDROOM.

Hardwicke, and himself looking upon the Woolsack as his ultimate seat. A clever boy, born in an atmosphere of legal advancement, he got a sinecure and a seat in Parliament in 1747, being then twenty-five years of age. A supporter of the elder Pitt in his great Seven Years' War period, he was Solicitor-General in the year after he married the Aspenden-Tyttenhanger heiress, and resigned with his chief when Bute and the pacifists gained the day under young George III. But if he had quickness of brain, Charles Yorke lacked strength of character. A short while after he resigned he took office as Attorney-General under Bute, and never after that knew whether to be Court or anti-Court. Active in the Wilkes prosecutions and "showing no signs of faltering though the juries proved refractory," he suddenly resigned in November, 1763, influenced by his old chief. There followed seven years of alternate office and opposition, of leaning by turns to Court and Country party, of doubts and difficulties of how and under whom the Woolsack should be reached. Then the King finally persuaded him to desert Rockingham, and he accepted the Great Seal on January 17th, 1770. Three days later he was dead. He was not a very healthy man—"fat, plethoric and a gourmand" is the Dictionary of National Biography's description of him—he developed fever; the nervous tension of making up his mind prostrated him, and before, as Baron Morden, he could preside over the House of Lords, he passed away in the family mansion in Great Ormond Street. Had he, through his wife, ever come into possession of the Freman and Blount properties? It should not be very difficult for a county historian to find out when William Freman and his wife died; but these are just the Freman and Blount dates that Cussans fails to give us. Katherine, the heiress, after giving birth to a son, had died in 1759. Possibly her parents outlived her and the three days Lord Chancellor. But it seems accepted, although without dates given, that Katherine Yorke did inherit before she died, and Tyttenhanger may have been her husband's country house during the period of his second marriage. Certainly Katherine's child, Philip, was possessed of the Hertfordshire estates as a minor, for he did not come of age till eight years after his father's sudden demise. Mr. Cussans tells us that "being a minor when he came into possession of Tyttenhanger, and subsequently (1801-1806) Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he did not reside there and for some years it was let; but he occupied it during the latter years of his life and died there in 1834." Mr. Cussans, however, seems to forget that between

his coming of age and his government of Ireland there is a gap of nearly a quarter of a century, during which, that is in 1790, he succeeded his uncle as third Earl of Hardwicke and owner of the great house at Wimpole that the first Earl had purchased from the "Harleian Manuscripts" Earl of Oxford. Thus Cambridgeshire, rather than Hertfordshire, was the centre of the third Earl's country life. He was its M.P. before, and its Lord-Lieutenant after, he succeeded to Wimpole, and, although he died at Tyttenhanger, he cannot have been permanently established there. It does, however, appear to have been the home of his widow, who out-lived him twenty-four years. She was Elizabeth Lindsay, a granddaughter of the third Earl of Balcarres, born in 1652. Thus, between the date of his birth and that of the Dowager Countess of Hardwicke's death in 1858 lay a period of over two centuries. She bore her husband several sons, but all died before him, so that it was a half-brother's son who succeeded as fourth Earl and owner of Wimpole in 1834. But daughters survived to divide the Hertfordshire manors; that of Tyttenhanger coming on her mother's death to Catherine Countess of Caledon. In 1811 she had married the second Earl, son of James Alexander, an Irishman who had sought and found fortune in East India and largely invested it in Irish acres. Strongly supporting the Union, he had become Earl of Caledon in 1800. His son went to the Cape of Good Hope as its first Governor in 1807, and wedded the third Catherine, to be Tyttenhanger's heiress, on his return. He and his son had passed away before that inheritance fell in, but his widow enjoyed a five years' possession after her mother's death. The old nonagenarian Countess, although she had made it her home, did not more than superficially Victorianise the house. As she laid out the south terrace and garden, the change of the central south room from hall to dining-room was, no doubt, one of her alterations. They do not prevent Tyttenhanger from at once striking the visitor as the house Sir Henry built and Sir Harry in some measure redecorated and refurnished. There are Yorke portraits, and some Sheraton furniture and much late eighteenth century porcelain which the third Earl of Hardwicke added. There are the nineteenth century touches that carry on the life history of the place as an inhabited house, but there are few such that show us more truthfully how men planned and built their country homes in the second half of the seventeenth century.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

AN EVENING'S MACKEREL FISHING

WHEN, on September 15th, a good friend of mine brought me an invitation to go mackerel fishing next evening, not a moment's reflection as to the answer was necessary. For I had never been mackerel fishing before, and the prospect of trying one's hand at a new sport makes the blood leap in the veins. Next day, however, a south-west wind was blowing right into Largo Bay and bringing in a bit of a sea, and for a time our prospects looked far from bright. Luckily the wind fell towards evening, and at 6 p.m. a company of four tried and trusty comrades ran the boat out into the waves, which were leaping and glittering in the light of the westering sun. We rowed some way out into the Bay, then two of us let out our lines while the other two took the oars. Companies of terns were to be seen; adults in winter plumage and birds of the year, fishing for the fry which were disturbed by the mackerel below. We set our course for the nearest of these and rowed right through them, the terns not heeding us at all and continuing to dive, often going right under the water to emerge and spring again into the air, shaking the water off their dainty plumage as they rose. The first part of a tern to emerge from the sea after a dive is its back and wings, and so buoyant are they that they seem almost to allow the water to fling them into the air. Here we got our first fish—a bold rush at the hook, a sharp pull—we hauled in hurriedly and found a big, fat mackerel fast looked. The rowing stopped while the fish was being got aboard, but as soon as it was in, off we set to the spot where another company of terns was busy; visiting many parties of these birds in turn and having good luck with our fishing.

Sunset came, the sun went down, tinging the clouds with red and gold, while the salt sea tang struck ever more strongly on our nostrils. A few minutes after a wonderful scene unfolded. Myriads of fry began to leap clear of the water: some of the mackerel leaped after them and big patches of the sea fairly

boiled with the rushes of this sporting fish. And in that moment came the gulls, hundreds and hundreds of them, to prey on the leaping fry. Close to us was a flock of black-headed gulls, all adults in winter plumage, 200 or 300 of them, screaming, hovering, stooping, while, below, the water boiled with the rushes of the mackerel, and the fry leaped frantically to escape the pursuer below and met Nemesis above. It was all so wonderful as almost to eclipse the fishing, and we rowed through the shoal time and again, occasionally getting a fish, but always filled with a great exultation at catching this intimate glimpse of the life of some of the wild folk of the waters. An Arctic skua flew lazily past within a few yards of the boat, but must, I think, have been lucky in his robber exploits earlier in the evening, as he made no attempt to chase any of the fishing gulls or terns. The colour faded from land and sea, the gloaming was upon us when, in the twinkling of an eye, the thronging multitudes disappeared, not a fin broke the surface of the sea, fry and mackerel vanished like the shadow of a dream, the gulls and terns melted into space, not a sound was to be heard, and we four were left alone on what then seemed to be a great waste of waters.

Slowly we reeled in our lines and rowed shorewards, filled with a queer sense of the inter-dependence of all living things. For the fry had brought five very different sets of entities into close connection. First the mackerel, which hunt them below the water, then the gulls and terns which swoop on them from above, then the Arctic skua, which hunts these birds and makes them deliver up their hard won spoil, and, lastly ourselves, out pursuing the mackerel and led to them by the whereabouts of the fishing flocks of gulls and terns. The boat's keel grated on the sands, willing hands ran her up on the beach, and in her lay a heap of mackerel, shimmering in glorious shades of silver, lilac and green. We four comrades divided out the spoil and, each with a string of fish, returned to our homes through the glorious peace of a calm September night.

E. V. BAXTER.

THE CHOW

BY THE HON. DOUGLAS CAIRNS.



CH. LODMORE CHING.

PETRACCO.

PETER'S PRIDE.

PETROWNA.

WE are indebted to China for two breeds of dog which have made great headway in this country. A third, the Chinese crested dog, figures in our old friend "Stonehenge," but no longer in the flesh. Judging

from the illustration, his extinction need not be seriously lamented. Of the two established varieties, Pekingese and Chow, the latter came to stay many years ago, endearing itself to dog-lovers by traits existing in no other breed to the same extent, traits which seem to make life without a Chow very difficult to him or her who has ever possessed one and has won his affections. For, developed to a degree unknown in other varieties, the Chow possesses the quality of exclusive attachment: to obtain the full benefit of such devotion one must begin early. Even in young puppyhood he is not "pleased to see everybody," nor does he wear his heart on his sleeve. But the friend of his youth is the friend for life, even after an interval of separation for years may have intervened. One of our foremost Chow enthusiasts, Mrs. Chetwode, enjoyed—or at any rate experienced—an instance of this peculiarity a few months ago, when her husband stepped ashore after some three years' unrelieved Naval service. During these years the Chow bitch, his favourite, had not seen him, and had devoted herself to Mrs. Chetwode. Not another glance of recognition could the lady extract from the ungrateful Celestial, who spent day after day doing the "ceaseless vigil" business on the Admiralty doorstep, heedless of all save her adored master. And one of her daughters, who promises to develop into "matre pulcra filia pulcior," aged eight months and now reposing under my chair, is an exact mental replica of her mother;

both present the right combination of exclusiveness and amiability.

The Chow domiciled in London may be practically ruled out when we think on the poor town dog with pity.

He seems perfectly contented in that dreary wilderness of bricks and mortar, going his own way with supreme Oriental indifference to surroundings, secure in his possession, to a degree which puts all civilised men, and most canines, to shame, of the homing faculty. The carrier pigeon performs his invaluable functions by the exercise of eyesight and memory combined. Take him to a distant point from which he has not been trained by stages; unsight him, so to speak, from recognised landmarks, and he is usually lost. One of Buchan's characters in "Mr. Standfast" has a tale of the French war-pigeons failing to find their home under a camouflage of boughs arranged to cheat the Boche gunners. A sense of smell would have rendered such a misfortune impossible. There are many authenticated instances of Chows, and other dogs too, for that matter, making their way home over incredible distances from points to which their removal had been effected in such a manner as to put the assistance of landmarks out of the question. But whereas in the case of most dogs these miracles of instinct have been performed in the country, a Chow makes an easy job of finding his way in regions where not only every street, but even every house, bears a wearisome and repulsive resemblance to its neighbour. You will meet him taking a stroll in the Park, disregarding affairs which do not concern him with the hauteur of a mandarin. Do not waste your time trying to pat him: he will scorn your advances and elude them with his characteristic scowl, and



PETROWNA.



PETER'S PRIDE.



CH. PRINCE'S DOUBLE.



ROSABELLE.



FELICITY'S TRIUMPH.



PETRACCO.



CH. LODMORE CHING.



PETER'S PRIDE.

at his leisure will make his own way home, perhaps to Bermondsey. The dog-stealer, if his industry still exists in the midst of over-paid idleness, will need to dip deep into his pharmacopœia of alluring unguents before he can get on terms with a Chow.

As a house-dog he stands unrivalled. Cleanliness seems to be engrained in his nature, even young puppies requiring but little education in this respect. The open run to his kennel he regards as a prohibited area, a fact which should be borne in mind lest distress—or worse—to bowel or kidney be the reward of his self-restraint.

It is inevitable that an individuality so marked should be accompanied by drawbacks. To the dog-lover who demands implicit obedience, self-abnegation and pliability such as are characteristic of our up-to-date gun-dogs, the Chow will come as a bit of a surprise. He has a will of his own, and unless taken in hand very young is with difficulty taught habits of obedience. Especially is this independence noticeable in dogs; bitches are more biddable and more anxious to please.

But to teach either sex to walk to heel, *e.g.*, among ground game, would demand patience and labour incommensurate with results. Chows are born hunters, with good noses, both on the ground and above it, and if kept in a kennel will chase anything on release from pure *joie de vivre*. From poultry they are broken with the greatest ease: sheep are the problem! The Chow owner should choose between two methods of education, unless he inhabits an elysium where these nuisances are unknown. He should either have a puppy reared from infancy on a farm and kept daily in sight and smell and touch of sheep, or else make a practice, to be continued as long as necessary, of taking the puppy out at, say, six months old, on a light trash-cord, pulling him sharply off his feet when he offers to chase; he will resent this, and will resent far more the thrashing which should follow if required. Above all, an eye should be kept on him if a sheep jumps up close and unexpected; this is a sore temptation, and his power of resisting it will be proportionate to his recollection of the unpleasant treatment advised. After all, the Chow is not wholly civilised: the charms of his elemental nature go far to counteract the drawbacks: he may exasperate but will never bore you.

Within the last few years blues have risen high in the scale of fashion, and if of real Persian cat colour are of striking beauty. But sound coloured blues are rare: the colour can scarcely be relied upon as permanent till well into the second year, by which time the light blue "puppy coat" may have

given place to a spoiled black or, worse, a non-descript liver, especially when red blood is predominant, as is usually the case. Lady Dunbar, in her little sketch of the breed, states that the blues in this country are descended from the mis-coloured blues turned out of the Chinese monasteries where the real blues are

highly prized. If this theory be correct, it would account for the unsatisfactory colours produced, apart from the introduction of red blood. Even when a good coloured blue is bred, he is most usually deficient in bone and substance, and it is to be hoped the colour craze will never obscure the aim at breeding for type in addition. And what handsomer dog exists than a real red, without "shadings," or a black free from "rust"? The latter colour seems less popular here than in America, a country containing many ardent Chow fanciers, who pay each other—and us—long prices.

To Mrs. Herbert Adam, The Chillies House, near Crowborough, who has kindly lent me the photographs reproduced, came success, as a Chow breeder, with dramatic and lightning rapidity. Her first Chow was purchased for half a sovereign from the Home for Lost Dogs—how one of the breed ever became lost, history omits to relate. Various circumstances interfered for a time between Mrs. Adam and the indulgence of her dog-keeping proclivities, and this Chow had to be presented to her brother. In 1902, however, Mrs. Adam succumbed to temptation and purchased from a pen in the Live Stock Department of the Army and Navy Stores a red Chow puppy, for which she paid 4 guineas. This puppy grew into a dog named Kigi-Pah, whose union with Wa-Wa in 1905 produced Prince's Double, maker of history. After many adventures by land and sea (for Prince's Double spent several years in the Navy) he returned to London, where he roamed at will, unconscious of impending glory, until July, 1913, when Mrs. Adam took the notion of exhibiting him at Richmond Show, where he annexed many prizes, including those open to novices and veterans respectively, and a medal for the best Chow "other than black." At the subsequent Kennel Club Show he won practically everything, even a trophy for the best non-sporting dog or bitch in the show. Lodmore Ching, the black bitch, has divided her life between producing pillars of the breed and annexing prizes in her own right. Peter's Pride, Petracco and Perowna appeared in one litter. Felicity's Triumph, shown in the portrait at twelve weeks over his infantile name "Brownie," and again at ten months with a good deal of puppy coat still in evidence: Glitters, a red puppy, and the trio above mentioned: also Wa-Wa, Prince's Double's dam, are also admirably reproduced by Mr. Fall's camera: charming pictures of what a Chow should be.

ON TREES

IT is surely curious that most people seem to have thought the amazing beauty of trees to be specially connected with their foliage, with the tender greens of spring, or with the graded gold and orange of autumn. For to me the most wonderful thing about a tree is its shape, and, above all, its shape as displayed by the nakedness of winter. The foliage of a tree is merely a thing of short, exquisite loveliness, lasting but transiently, like a sudden emotion that thrills one and then dies; whereas the bare structure of bole and branch, in a truly worthy tree, appears to the watcher as a logical chain of thought, to which each successive winter reveals corollary twigs and ever more firmness to the great supporting basis of the whole. As I gaze at a naked winter tree I feel that thought and logic are immortal—until the axe of the woodman, cutting away the premises from beneath, crashes the whole system, with a roar, to the ground; and then I know that Time overthrows even the proudest works of the mind.

A tree is above everything a symbol and a history. Consider the poplar; a graceful enough growth, planted and felled in thirty years; like the verses of a decadent poet, it is the pleasure of a sole generation, almost boughless, growing from soft, unhealthy ground with no depth of root, so that a storm may rise in the night and tear it down. Did you ever see a poplar plantation in which there were not several such lying, with a fan of matted root and earth sticking up into the air, and the marsh weeds and brambles climbing up around its fallen trunk? Then, in contrast, consider the king of trees, the oak, standing upon a still winter day with every detail showing clear in a glorious distinction. Its roots go deep into the soil of its native land; branch succeeds to trunk, bough to branch, twig to bough, in order and strength. The oak stands for all that is orderly and strong and wonderful and full of character, like Chaucer or like Shakespeare. It is—when one sees it free from its cloak of leaves, with a vision not hampered by the fleeting fashions of a spring day—the monument and symbol of a great mind, all the greater for 500 years of life. A magnificent tree may yield one a facile and tender emotion in spring or in autumn. But an emotion deeper, truer and saner is there for whomsoever will gaze upon it when winter reveals its splendid plan, or sometimes, on a still summer evening, at the edge of dark, when the road is white and the grass is less than green, and the structure of the thing touches with something of permanence even the short-lived foliage, outlined black and immobile against the silver sky.

IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS.



BROWNIE.



GLITTERS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

FULL SPEED AHEAD!

THE strike affected the estate market, as it did all other departments of the nation's activity, and, though it came to an end on Sunday afternoon, its effects will be felt in the market for some time to come. Spirited efforts on the part of a great many firms to hold auctions, which had already been announced when the trouble came to a head, had a partial success, as shown by a total realisation in Winchester House of about £87,000 last week. In addition thereto, private sales of a few country houses were carried out, but what is that for the opening of October? Probably a fifth of what it would have been but for the labour trouble.

At the same time there is a satisfactory side even to last week's hindrances—the clear proof that was given of the vigour of the market. Some firms who conducted auctions advised prospective buyers to notify them of their wishes, and undertook to bid on their behalf for whatever properties they desired to purchase. But—with postal services disorganised, telephones practically reserved for official use, and telegrams taking about as long to deliver as a letter in normal times—the giving of instructions was rendered very uncertain, and, in any case, this method of doing business is naturally not to the liking of most people, who prefer, if they are buying under the hammer, to be present themselves or by their own proxy to bid. Still, allowing for all drawbacks, the results of the week's work must be regarded as better than anyone really had a right to expect. Uncertainty as to the course of business in the current week induced some firms to postpone auctions which had been arranged, and one or two of the postponements are indefinite.

SALES OF COUNTRY ESTATES.

Nearly 8,000 acres, part of the Wakefield estate, will be sold in 209 lots at Northampton next Monday and Tuesday, by order of the Duke of Grafton, by Messrs. Peirce and Thorpe. About £24,000 was realised at Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock's sale of thirteen of the seventeen lots of the Asby-St. Ledgers estate, Northants, the mansion and 590 acres being bought in at £34,000. Tenants bought many lots. Oakley Hall, Salop, having been sold as stated in COUNTRY LIFE last week, the farms have been dealt with, and sales to tenants and others have produced a total of £116,500, Messrs. Barber and Son being the agents for Sir Philip Cretwode, the vendor.

Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., with Mr. J. E. Walter, at Lincoln, withdrew the mansion, Sudbrooke Hall, and the park, containing timber valued at £6,000, at £15,000, and they sold twenty-five of the other lots for £46,000. Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker, and Messrs. Hampton and Sons, have disposed of The Orchard, Warlingham, and two acres of grounds. The whole of the Worth Matravers property, offered at Swanage by Messrs. Fox and Sons, was sold, the tenants here also being extensive buyers. Parton Court Farm, 140 acres, for £6,700, and other Gloucestershire land realised altogether £23,850 through Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., and properties belonging to Sir W. L. Parker and others, submitted at Birmingham by Messrs. Winterton and Sons, produced, roundly, £27,000. Messrs. Harrods (Limited) have purchased for a client the Billingshurst estate of Summers Place, some 750 acres.

ROLLESTON HALL.

Those who were privileged, as the writer was, to know the late Sir Oswald Mosley, will understand and forgive him if he finds it anything but easy to write of the estate rather than of that remarkable man. Perhaps the outstanding feature about him was the aggressive but always kindly enthusiasm with which he engaged in all that could in any way contribute to the prosperity of agriculture—a typical John Bull in aspect, with a crisp and direct style of speech, in every sense of the word a fine old English gentleman. No more emphatic testimony to the excellence of any estate could possibly be paid than to say that it fittingly became the late Sir Oswald Mosley, whose name, by the way, was fairly well known a few years ago in connection with the so-called "stancard bread." The present baronet has directed Messrs. Trollope to dispose of Rolleston Hall on October 22nd and 23rd at Burton-on-Trent, as a whole or in lots. The mansion is commodious and stately, with a finely proportioned entrance hall and a grand suite of reception-rooms, the library in particular being a splendid room. There are altogether 3,825 acres, yielding close upon £3,600 a year. It is pre-eminently one of those mansions which should be bought with its contents as it stands, if that were possible; but the freedom is all that we are concerned with.

HOLMSHURST, SUSSEX.

Another auction at the end of the present month—to be precise, on October 31st, at Tunbridge Wells—is that of Holmshurst, Sussex, one of three or four existing houses which owed their origin to the wealth formerly derived from the iron trade as carried on in that county. Mr. Rucyard Kipling's house, Batemans (illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, xxiv, 224), is another of the same type. Space prohibits more than a passing reference to the great importance which the iron industry once

had for Sussex, but the curious in these matters may be recommended to read the admirable paper which Mr. Arthur W. Brackett presented a year or so since before the South-Eastern Union of Scientific Societies. Appropriately, it now falls to his firm to offer the property by auction. The magnitude of the mediæval iron trace in the Wealden district suggests that it might yet be possible to resuscitate it, should local coal ever be available. But, with the impression of labour disputes so fresh and vivid, nobody will look for much in that direction, even if Sussex should in time prove as good a coal-mining county as Kent. Holmshurst is a beautiful house, full of old oak, with stone mullioned windows, ancient fireplaces and other features, and at one step a visitor may in fancy take himself back three or four centuries.

RUTHIN CASTLE.

The date of the auction or auctions of Ruthin Castle and Llanarmon approaches. This princely estate in North Wales extends in all to 11,400 acres. Its possessor might, by virtue of the ownership of the place, assume a prominent position in the affairs of the Principality, should his inclinations run that way; and, if not, there are in the ample stretches of the domain the means of perfect seclusion, and he need never interest himself outside the circle of the guests with which such a house would invariably be well favoured. The property will be submitted in its entirety at Harover Square on November 28th. If it is not sold, the auction will be adjourned to Ruthin and Chirk on November 5th and the following day. Messrs. Frank Lloyd and Sons are co-operating with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in the matter.

THE SHAKESPEARE HOTEL.

There are many Shakespeare hotels, but that which has the best right to the name is surely the fine old house at Stratford-on-Avon, which is now in the market owing to the approaching retirement of the part owner and manageress, Miss Justins, whose family has owned the house for generations. As a specimen of fourteenth century architecture the house is as admirable as it is in its complete adaptation to twentieth century requirements. The hotel is close to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, and thus in the centre of the town. It possesses about fifty bed and dressing rooms, and a dining-room which comfortably seats fully 100 guests. The garage is a good one. Heating and hot water supply are on the approved modern lines, and the house has its own independent electric supply. In praiseworthy contrast to many leading hotels, the Shakespeare is specially well equipped with fire extinguishing appliances. One need not be unduly apprehensive about the danger of fire to have been amazed at the absence of means for fighting an outbreak and of enabling guests to escape in not a few well known hotels. It is a point of importance in an hotel where, necessarily, the guests are strangers, and in the event of an alarm may find the utmost difficulty in reaching a place of safety. The need does not always end as amusingly as Smollett in "Humphry Clinker" and other of the older novelists have written of it. In short, the Shakespeare is a first-rate house with a first-rate connection, and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will offer it at Harover Square on November 27th, jointly with Messrs. Barnard and Son.

LIVERMERE PARK, SUFFOLK.

In the season 1918-19 over 1,000 partridges and as many pheasants were shot on the Livermere Park estate, which Lord and Lady de Saumarez have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Lacy Scott and Sons to sell at Harover Square on October 28th. The mansion is perhaps best viewed across the park of some 500 acres from the point chosen for the illustration which formed the first page of the Supplement to COUNTRY LIFE last week. Thus seen it seems to nestle in the magnificent trees which surround its old-world grounds. It is near Bury St. Edmunds and sixteen miles from Newmarket, and the total extent of the estate is approximately 2,740 acres. The strike was responsible for the postponement of the sale of another estate in the same county, Rusbrooke Hall, 1,750 acres, which was to have been submitted, at Bury St. Edmunds, on Wednesday last. Few houses have more of the characteristics of the Elizabethan period, and it is believed that that much travelled lady, "Good Queen Bess," stayed at Rusbrooke Hall, and, of course, slept in the state bedroom.

CAMPSMOUNT, NEAR DONCASTER.

Mr. G. E. Cooke Yarborough's Campsmount estate, eight miles from Doncaster, is to be sold in that town, on October 25th, by Messrs. Osborn and Mercer. The fifty-five lots include eight large farms, and the 1,630 acres are well watered by the River Went. It would seem to be an opportunity, such as more than one of our correspondents have been seeking, of getting a handy farm in Yorkshire; and two or three of the holdings are under 100 acres.

CORRESPONDENCE

ETON WAR MEMORIAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If you are opening your columns to discussion of the Eton War Memorial, I hope you will allow an early protest against any tampering whatever with our ancient buildings. "F.R.I.B.A." is not right in his estimate of Eton Chapel, but he is very right in saying that, if we build any memorial at all, it must be nothing small or ordinary, but something really great, of arresting significance for all time. If so, the tower is, from lack of site, the only form possible. A tower was desired by our Founder, and all that great group of college builders required towers for their foundations. For Winchester, New, Magdalene, Kings by Wykeham, Henry and Waynflete towers were built or designed. Henry himself left the directions and dimensions for that which was to crown Eton. A design following these injunctions can be, and has been, accordingly prepared and shown for many months at Eton for a site which would in no way interfere with any of the original buildings. But the "King's Tower" has no favour with Council or Committee. It needs much courage and a belief that English art of this generation is capable of inspired and noble work. That courage or that faith is wanting and the opportunity is for the present lost.—H. E. L.

THE FLOWERING OF A CENTURY PLANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of September 27th you gave a photograph of a century plant flowering in the open air; a rare event. I send you a copy of a notice that went the round of the papers a century ago, when the flowering of the plant under glass was considered a remarkable event. The copy is from a provincial paper dated July 21st, 1821. "An American aloe, of uncommon beauty, has this year blossomed in the richly stored hothouse of Walcot, the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Powis. The height of the plant, when in flower, was 30ft. A short time before the flowers were put forth, the stalk grew with surprising rapidity, and the grass (sic.) of the hothouse was twice altered in altitude; it advanced near 9ft. in a fortnight. Botanists and strangers from considerable distances have visited this extraordinary plant." In the eighties of the last century I had a curious experience with an aloe in my garden in Yorkshire; it was a fine plant, at least a dozen years old, but showed no sign of flowering. I noticed a young tender leaf was being bitten on the edge, evidently by a slug. I brushed that leaf over with an oily dilution of mercurial paste, the old "troopers' ointment" or "sheep salve"; it was not interfered with after. A neighbour kept them off his plants by spreading bits of turnip about.—W. STEVENSON.

[In the summer of 1912 the largest Agave at Kew took the bold step of producing a magnificent flower-spike. It was indeed a bold step, and, as is always the case with a century plant, it proved a final one, marking in this instance the close of the history of a stately specimen. In flowering, the purpose in life nears completion, and finally the plant succumbs. Early in its development the spike resembles a gigantic asparagus shoot and the huge rosette of foliage is thick, succulent and rigid. The whole energy of the plant is centred on its reproduction. As the flower-spike grows the leaves expend their latent store of nourishment on the production of an immense inflorescence bearing flowers and seed. The Kew plant referred to was that of Agave atrovirens, a native of Mexico. It was growing in the succulent house, and in order that it might have room to flower it was removed to the open air. The branch of the inflorescence was about 20ft. in height and the age of the plant was probably about seventy years. Although, like other Agaves it was known as a century plant from the fallacious supposition that it flowered once in a hundred years.—ED.]

RABBIT FUR, A NEW INDUSTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One of the many lessons we have learnt from the war is rabbit keeping, but so far the lesson has been learnt but imperfectly. Many thousands of rabbits have been bred in this country for flesh, and the food supply has been thereby materially increased. But it is a moot point whether breeding rabbits for flesh alone really pays. Some few may make it do so, but most people find that there is very little in it. The reason for this is that hitherto the most important side of rabbit keeping has been generally overlooked, except, indeed, by a few long-sighted people. This is the fur side, which is now being taken up by the members of the Beveren Club. The rabbits patronised by the club are blue and white Beverens and Havanas. There are very few white Beverens at present, but there are now a fair number of blue. The fur of the blue Beveren is of a lovely shade of lavender blue, and is long and lustrous. The Havana's fur is of a deep, rich chocolate colour with a pearl grey under-colour, not so long as the Beveren's, but very fine in texture and very thick. When made up into coats, muffs, etc., their beauty is in no way surpassed by the fur of any imported animal. Hitherto, no organisation has existed for collecting these furs, curing them, and putting them on the market; but next winter the Beveren Club itself will undertake this. It is anticipated that this scheme will give a great stimulus to raising these breeds for their pelts as well as for their flesh. The rabbits themselves are hardy and easily reared, and, incidentally, their flesh is particularly delicate and good. If this new industry succeeds—and it will be agreed by all that it deserves to succeed—then a goodly share of the many hundreds of thousands of pounds which formerly left this country for furs will remain here.—E. C. R.

A HOUSE WARMING ENQUIRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me from experience of a good paraffin stove to heat rooms, or hall and staircase—one which does not require much attention, and which gives a maximum of heat with a minimum of smell? It seems that in the coming winter, owing to our overworked and poorly

paid miners, coal will be dear and scarce, perhaps more so than now, and where I live gas is over 6s. per 1,000 cubic foot. My house is rented, so I do not care to put in permanent heating arrangements for a landlord, but health requires freedom from cold and damp. Perhaps you will kindly insert this and any useful replies, or even give your own advice.—NORWYK.

A MOTH-INFECTED HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been away from home on military duty for five years. I find that in my absence the house—part of which is 150 years old—has become infected with moth, in carpets and furniture as well as clothes—the last named despite the fact that they were laid up in pepper and naphthaline. Can any of your readers give a remedy to effect a radical cure?—OLD SOLDIER.

[It is to be feared that the damage done is beyond repair. The upholstery would certainly have to be taken to pieces and, with the carpets, put through some sort of "baking" process. The case of the clothes is probably quite hopeless.—ED.]

HARVARD AND EMMANUEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This cup was lately presented by the Harvard Society of London to the Master and Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, who have kindly given leave for it to be photographed. Some people may not know of the



THE HARVARD CUP AT EMMANUEL.

link between the two colleges, the one at the American, the other at the English Cambridge. John Harvard was entered at Emmanuel in 1627, graduated in 1631, and became M.A. in 1635. Two years later he sailed for New England. In 1638 he died of consumption, leaving by his will half his property and his library to the then proposed college which was afterwards called by his name. When the American soldier-students were at Cambridge last term their first pilgrimage was to Harvard's College. Nearly all wanted to go to Emmanuel, and many were sadly disappointed when they had to go to other colleges.—H.

SPIDER AND THE CRANE FLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The utility of the spider as a destroyer of garden and other pests and the necessity of preserving the life of this wonderful little creature is shown in the following incident. Standing near a wall, I recently witnessed an interesting act of Nature. It was just getting dusk, and numerous daddy-long-legs (or crane flies) were hovering about, seeking the shelter of the wall from a rather stiff breeze. The crafty spider had set many traps for the unwary, and eventually an unfortunate long-leg became entangled in the thin threads. The inmate of the trap crept out, or ran out I should say, just as if the struggles of the insect had rung a bell. As soon as the spider had ascertained what had been trapped, it returned as quickly as it had come, as if to inform its fellows. Evidently he had told them he could manage himself, as no others appeared. On its return a great tug-of-war ensued, and by degrees the spider drew nearer to its victim, and eventually, as if to settle him for ever, caught long-leg by the neck and soon disposed of the victim's ebbing strength. All that remained was to draw him into the hole, which the spider did with ease, to provide food for the household. The crane fly's ravages among strawberries, etc., are well known, so do not kill the spider.—H. N. F.

WHITE CATS AND DEAFNESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Like your correspondent, "J. C.," I have known white cats with blue eyes that were deaf, and having been told that this was the invariable rule had come to accept the dogma. But within the last twelve months, at the galleries of the Fine Art Society in Bond Street, I saw a cat of this description, and on testing it found that its reaction to sounds was quite normal. I was also assured by those on the premises who knew the cat well that its hearing was perfect. My method of experiment was to approach the resting cat quietly from behind and to make a small chirruping sound with my lips. On each occasion when tried thus the cat turned smartly round and looked at me, or accepted the noise as an invitation to a closer acquaintance by rising and coming to me.—DONALD GUNN.

A POULTRY KEEPER'S CONTRIVANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a sketch of a contrivance that I have had made for a pan in which I boil potato peelings and scraps for my chickens. I have found it invaluable, and thought it might interest others who keep fowls. It is just a circle of perforated tin the size of the bottom of my pan, with flat tin uprights that hook on the top of the pan. The circle of tin is not allowed to reach the bottom by about a quarter of an inch. The water has a free course (owing to the perforations), but the solid mass of peelings can be packed in quite tightly and all allowed to "gallop" over the fire without any danger of sticking or burning, as nothing but water rests on the actual bottom of the pan. I have found it a great saving of time in cooking, and also there is no anxiety about anything getting stuck and burning the pan. It cost 1s. 3d.—P.



TO BOIL SCRAPS FOR CHICKENS.

BABY ALLIGATORS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph depicts a bunch of young alligators found near the sandy bank of a stream in the month of June. When



YOUNG ALLIGATORS NINE INCHES LONG.

grown they are very ferocious, attacking sometimes without the least provocation, and yearly taking a large toll of human and animal life. When caught these little beasts were swimming about near the bank, and attention was first drawn to them by seeing bits of eggshells lying on the sand. They were about gins. long, and put up quite a fight when captured, giving a hasty nip when they could. It only required a finger or stick to be shown before them, when they at once darted towards it open-mouthed with a hiss. The parent was swimming round about, but made no attempt to interfere. After being photographed they were placed in a deep vat full of water and stayed for days, eventually escaping into the river close by.—B. D. S.

BARLOW WELL DRESSING.

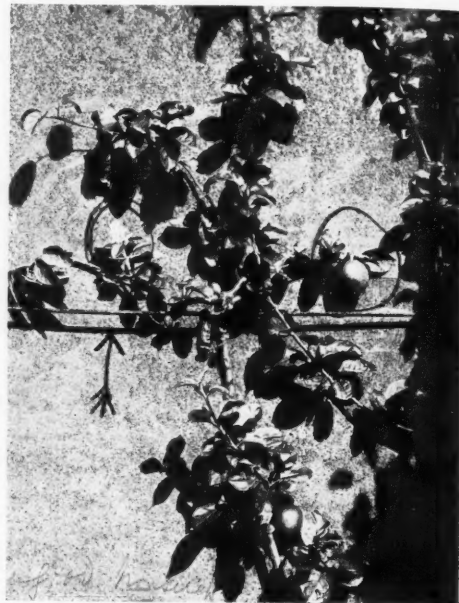
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Baker's letter in your issue of September 13th brings to mind many such well dressings in Derbyshire, which are almost peculiar to the county, for in the whole district between Rowsley, Ashbourne, Wirksworth and Duffield no town or village but has at one time or another had its spring or summer fits of the pleasing custom of well or tap dressings; and in Barlow and Tissington almost annually has the floral and water festival been observed. Tissington artists have held the highest artistic reputation, and men from that village with Tideswell have been engaged by most other towns and villages to carry out the well or tap dressings. As far as I remember, most of the subjects thus illustrated have been scriptural ones, "Moses in the Bulrushes" and "Moses Striking the Rock" being the first favourites and the most talked about, Moses as the chief figure being shown wearing a robe of blue with tippet or mantle in red, in flowers of suitable hue. Some of the most pleasing I have seen were done in wild flowers and leaves gathered from the meadows and banks of the River Derwent. In most cases the dressings were financed by the public houses, even when the subjects and mottoes were all anti-drink, and this was always the objectionable feature of an otherwise beautiful and pleasing custom.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

A FREAK APPLE TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of an apple tree which, on the 6th of October, was bearing fruit and blossom at the same time. I have made a circle round some of these blossoms and there are more coming all the way up. Is this at all unusual? The name of the apple is Peas-good Nonsuch.—VICTORIA SACKVILLE.



[The flowering of an apple tree, or any other tree, out of its proper season is due to some cause or causes so far imperfectly understood. But it is generally considered to be due to a check to the roots or branches of the tree. For instance, it

FRUIT AND BLOSSOM IN OCTOBER.

often happens on trees that have been transplanted in the spring. Second flowering will also follow severe root pruning, and we have known trees that have been scorched by fire to flower again in the autumn. This year many apple trees have flowered a second time. This may be due to the very unusual weather we have had. The hot, dry days of May and June were followed by a cold spell in July in which the trees may have taken a rest which would correspond to their winter sleep, only to bloom again in the warm, bright weather in late August and September.—ED.]

ANOTHER DOG AND RABBIT FRIENDSHIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very much interested in the letter and photograph of the pug and rabbit in your issue of the 13th ultimo and am sending you another photograph which I trust you may like for publication in the correspondence columns of your paper. It proves, I think, that dogs and rabbits are quite willing to become friends, and if allowed full liberty would certainly, in the majority of cases, play with each other and soon become very sincere friends.—W. SUGDEN.



THE GREAT DANE WITH A FRIEND.

ENDING OR MENDING OLD COTTAGES

THE Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has done yeoman service in helping to preserve our heritage of old buildings, and its special claim to our good opinion is that during the whole of its existence, now covering a period of more than forty years, it has not only put before the public the right attitude which should be adopted in regard to old buildings that stand in danger of being unwarrantably demolished, but also it has itself taken definite action to secure the preservation of these buildings. The latest example of its activity is afforded by the booklet which the Society has issued, containing a report on old cottages in the beautiful Wiltshire village of Castle Combe. This report, the joint work of Mr. A. H. Powell, Mr. F. W. Troup, Mr. Charles C. Winmill, and the secretary of the Society (Mr. A. R. Powys), is particularly opportune at this present time, because it brings into prominence some most important considerations underlying the whole question of housing in rural areas. There is, of course, no doubt as to the urgent need of cottages, but many people have misgivings about what is proposed to be done. They feel that the modern cottages should be built outside the village, in a group together, and not set as a jarring note in the midst of old houses which stand as testimony to the vernacular art of traditional English building. One is also not at all easy in mind about the demolition of old houses to make way for new ones. Castle Combe offers a striking illustration of this. Here in this delightful village, with its grey stone roofs, walls of delightful texture, and gables and windows that speak appealingly to us from the past, are many old cottages which have been allowed to fall into disrepair and are now marked down for demolition. The accompanying illustrations show some of these cottages, and, in looking at them, one can hardly believe that it is really proposed to sweep them away. This most unfortunate end, it must be admitted, is not perhaps the result of a vicious outlook on building, but rather is due to the present high cost of carrying out repairs. The cottages are low-rented—some no more than £5 a year—and therefore would not give an economic return on the repairs that are needed; hence their likelihood of falling into a bad condition.



Charles C. Winmill.

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"CONDEMNED" COTTAGES AT CASTLE COMBE, WILTSHIRE



DETAIL OF "CONDEMNED" COTTAGES AT CASTLE COMBE.

Notice the excellent walling, in almost perfect condition. The roof has been neglected for years, but most of the timbers are sound, and with a little repair the whole could be made good.

But the examination of them which has been made by the Society has shown that their main structure is perfectly sound, and the expenditure which would be involved in putting them into a weather-proof condition and adapting them to present-day requirements would be very amply repaid; because, not only would these cottages be given a new lease of life, but we should at the same time be doing our proper duty in preserving and handing on to our descendants some beautiful examples of simple building which we cannot hope to equal to-day. Let me quote from the Society's booklet about these old cottages: "Neglected they have been obviously; the thatch of the roof has been let go and is now no longer weather-proof, and in places where the wet comes through further damage is being done to the walls and timberwork. Still, this is not irreparable if taken in hand soon. The timber is mostly oak, the floor boards are of oak, chestnut, elm and larch in wide planks. In one or two instances new deal floors have been laid over the old. Window frames, where made of wood, have suffered and need repair. Iron casements have been left to rust and become insecure, a little plaster has here and there fallen from the ceilings and walls.

But, on the whole, these cottages are dry and warm, considering their forlorn condition, and once the roofs are again covered with new thatching and the minor repairs dependent on that carried out, these should become very habitable homes. The shape and size of the rooms, the deep windows, the cupboards, the strong timber showing here and there all tend to make these and other similar houses better to live in, though obviously it will not be found practicable to secure for them the full dimensions, heights, etc., now usually allowed for in local by-laws; yet the cubic content of the rooms is nearly always larger than in modern-built cottages, and it should be remembered that the floor area is of more value than height, especially in bedrooms, provided ventilation is secured, despite the commonly accepted regulations which were based on opinions formed in the early years of sanitary science."

These cottages stand in a varying position on the black list. "Closing orders" are being issued in respect of some of them; others are "condemned" as uninhabitable. With regard to the three cottages shown by the top illustration on the preceding page, the local authority is willing to allow these to remain if a "tile roof is put on." (Just fancy a tile roof on such cottages, whose form of gable and coping is expressly intended for thatching.) About others there is no notion except to pull them down forthwith. That is understood to be the fate of the pair on the left hand of the centre illustration on the preceding page.

Clearly a wrong-headed idea is at the back of these proposals for pulling down old cottages. If the local authority will take no action to prevent this, surely Dr. Addison's department ought to. Left to their present fate, these cottages will soon be reduced to rubbish, and we shall be architecturally the poorer for the loss of them; whereas with proper consideration and intelligent care they might be made to serve admirably for long years to come. It is considered by those who know the case that such cottages could be acquired probably for £100 apiece, and it is estimated that an expenditure of £250 on each cottage would put them in a thoroughly sound condition and adapt them to present-time requirements. When we remember that tenders for new cottages now reach figures between £700 and £1,000, and even more than that, it seems ridiculous that the very much smaller sum indicated above should not be spent in preserving these cottages.

Anyone who is further interested in the subject should study the Society's booklet. It can be obtained from the offices at 20, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, price 2s.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



Charles C. Winnill.

THE ENGLISH VILLAGE IS OUR HERITAGE.

A view of Castle Combe, in Wiltshire.

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RUGBY FOOTBALL

PROSPECTS OF A GREAT REVIVAL

BY LEONARD R. TOSSWILL.

WHEREVER two or three players of Rugby football are to be found, there will much "shop" be heard—for your Rugby player is a whole-hearted enthusiast. Not even the depressing atmosphere and mud of Flanders could damp his enthusiasm, and many a game was played in out-of-the-way villages at the "back of the front." It is, of course, only natural that when thinking of the coming season our thoughts should turn sadly towards those numerous familiar figures who have played their last game and for whom "no side" has been called on foreign soil. But this is quite wrong; they themselves would have wished that their memory should bear no regrets, but rather inspiration and hope for the rising generation. Selcom has a Rugby season started with better prospects. There is little doubt that the "boom," which has been so conspicuous a feature in the renewal of every kind of sport since the Armistice was signed, will be enjoyed to the full by "Rugger" also. New clubs, like the Army and the R.A.F., have sprung from the foundations laid by the famous Service teams of last winter, and should at once take their place in the forefront of London clubs. The old clubs, whose glorious records extend back for so many years, are inundated with new members, all anxious to prove themselves worthy of the great traditions handed down by their predecessors. Our great Universities will have considerable leeway to make up and too much must not be expected of them this year; but with such distinguished players as J. E. Greenwood and E. G.

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Shand in residence, they will no doubt surmount the special difficulties with which they are faced with success. The Cambridge side will also have the advantage of being coached by one of the greatest international forwards and captains who has ever donned a jersey—J. Daniell. Turning next to the great metropolitan clubs, Blackheath will have plenty of promising material from which to

choose their teams. Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. D. Craven, D.S.O., is the new Hon. Secretary, and one can feel sure that the affairs of "The Club" are in safe hands. Their old rivals, Richmond, are also looking forward to a successful season; they will not be as rich in "star" performers as some of the other clubs, but, for all that, they have the makings of an excellent team, and they began their series of matches with a good win over Rosslyn Park. The latter club is like the old woman of the shoe, who had so many children she didn't know what to do. Now that that famous old club, the Marlborough Nomads, is no more, the majority of Marlborough boys join this club when they leave school, as well as many others who have no special ties with the better known organisations. When they have settled down and done a certain amount of judicious weeding out, Rosslyn Park should be able to give an excellent account of themselves in any company. Harlequins will start at a disadvantage, for two of their brilliant three-quarter line—R. W. Poulton-Palmer and D. Lambert—were killed in France, as well as that sterling forward, R. O. C. Ward. Moreover, the brothers Stoop are still in India, and I fancy G. D. Roberts will relinquish place kicking for putting. One of the old brigade, John Birkett—a host in himself—will take a fatherly interest in their doings and may turn out for them sometimes. Remembering how much London Rugby football owes to the Harlequins, all good sportsmen will wish them the best of luck and a happy issue out of their adversities. The London Scottish suffered more severely than

most through the war. Of the sixty players who represented them in their four teams at the close of the season 1913-14 three out of every four have been killed. In spite of this, the Scottish look like being one of the strongest sides in London this year. They will be under the watchful eye of that splendid old three-quarter, W. E. MacLagan, who played for Scotland on twenty-five occasions, and their forwards are said



THE FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON.

to be as good as in the days when R. G. McMillan and A. McKinnon were the leaders of the pack. The Hospitals have been more fortunate than others in having a certain number of students sent back to them from the Army to complete their medical education. Last season Guy's and Bart's had each of them more than useful sides; they will no doubt continue to maintain the old hospital standard of good play with just that little extra capacity for hard tackling—due to a more accurate anatomical knowledge of their opponents' weak spots—that used to give such unfeigned delight to the late Arthur Budd. The new Army fifteen—a very different matter from a "New Army" fifteen by the way—will have two old internationals in J. A. Pym and A. H. McIlwaine at half-back and forward respectively. They will play at the Queen's Club, and, founded as they are on the Mother Country team that did so well in the Services' Competition last year, they should be very hard to beat. It is to be hoped that the County Championship Competition, which had rather lost caste during the last few years before the war, will not be allowed to drop. One can quite appreciate the attitude of the clubs and 'Varsities, who are naturally loath to release their best players to take part in county matches, but there used to be a fine *esprit de corps* about those county games and, at one time at any rate, they were regarded as the best media for picking international teams. Of the international series, two will take place in London. England plays France at Twickenham on January 24th, and the fight for the Calcutta Cup will be played on the same ground on

March 20th. Once again a Scotland v. France match appears on the fixture list, and all will rejoice that this hatchet has been buried successfully.

As for the game itself, the season 1919-20 is not likely to see many changes. Looking back on nearly thirty years of Rugby football, there have been remarkably few alterations to record. The "maul" just comes within my recollection—it died at the end of my first season—and the four three-quarter system, to which we are now so accustomed, was on its trial during my first term at Marlborough. That system, which was originated by the late Arthur Gould, was probably seen to greatest perfection in the Welsh quartet—Gwyn Nicholls, Gabe, Llewellyn and Morgan—but it is doubtful if even this famous combination was any better than an equally famous trio—Wade, Evanson and Bolton. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of those who were fortunate enough to see both in action.

There is one defect which mars the game from every point of view and which all players—ancient and modern—would willingly see remedied, if it were possible. This is the unedifying scramble of rival half-backs at the back of the scrummage. This practice is both against the spirit and the letter of the law, and the sooner it is done away with the better for all concerned, players and spectators alike. The only solution that seems to meet the case, and one that has been advocated on more than one occasion by the present writer, is to insist on the half-back keeping behind the last man in the scrum (after the ball has been put in) until the ball comes out.

SOME REFLECTIONS FROM WALTON HEATH

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

ABE MITCHELL has undoubtedly been the most successful professional player of the golfing year. In the tournament at St. Andrews, which was the nearest approach to an Open Championship, he tied for first place with Duncan. In an almost equally representative field at St. Anne's he was second, and now he has won the *News of the World* Tournament which, as far as match play is concerned, is the event of the professional season. This last victory will, I think, do him a great deal of good. At St. Anne's he was leading with one round to go, and then, finishing a little weakly, allowed Taylor to catch and pass him by a gallant spurt. At St. Andrews he faltered with victory apparently in his grasp, and at Walton Heath last week he again came perilously near to throwing the prize away. Had Duncan caught him on the post he might have believed that he was fated to hurl away his chances. As it is, the fact that he got out of the tightest of corners should give him just the little bit more of confidence that he has seemed to lack.

There seems something paradoxical in Mitchell having won a big tournament by his putting. The golfing man in the street thinks of him simply as a tremendous hitter and forgets to look at his other shots. Yet, in fact, the saying that "the man who can putt is a man for anyone," never had a stronger confirmation than at Walton Heath. Until the final, Mitchell's driving was nothing out of the ordinary. Against Duncan he did get back much of his length, and this was due, I believe, to his getting a fresh consignment of balls, which flew better than those with which he had been playing. Yet, even so, it was through a sudden and virulent attack of slicing from the tee that he jeopardised his chances. Some



ABE MITCHELL.

of his short pitches and pitch-and-run shots were excellent, yet on the whole his iron play was not astonishingly good. But his putting was throughout splendid. He has always had the great merit of giving the hole a chance, but he has sometimes been inclined to "stab" his putts. This time, however, he hit the ball beautifully. He missed wonderfully few short putts; he holed a very large number of doubtful and difficult ones, to say nothing of several very long ones, and he was always there or thereabouts. Moreover, when, as regards the other parts of his game, he seemed to be feeling the strain of his many hard fights, his putting remained as clean and firm and confident as ever. Those who, in search of a new panacea, are always ready to imitate the putting of the latest conqueror, will now, presumably, take to the interlocking as opposed to the overlapping grip. But they will be disappointed, for the virtue of Mitchell's putting is not in his grip, but in the fact that he stands up to the ball and hits it.

Duncan, who lost to Mitchell by a single hole, will have rather bitter memories of that final. He had been down all the way—at one time as much as four down. By a brilliant streak of inspired golf he had reduced Mitchell's lead to one, only to lose his hard won gains and be three down with nine to play. Still hanging on with teeth and claws, he had got all those three back, and on the seventeenth green he had only to hole a very short putt to be dormy one and, humanly speaking, to win the match. To one of his too artistic temperament, however rigorously he may school it, that missed putt must have been a knock-out blow. He went on to the last tee with his mind full of that golden opportunity lost, and the end

was not surprising. All of us who suffer from too much imagination in golf cannot but sympathise with him acutely.

The fact that Vardon, Braid and Taylor had all failed to qualify had a palpable effect upon the tournament. The absence of three men, who are such wonderful players up to the hole, seemed slightly, but quite perceptibly, to lower the whole standard of approaching. There were fewer of those shots hit straight through the wind and right up to the hole, wherein the ball flies as if it were tethered to the flag and leaves the player with a certain four and a good chance of a three. There seemed to be, if it was not a trick of imagination, rather more loose and crooked shots than of old. On the other hand, because there was no triumvirate, it was easier for some of the younger and less known players to win through, and that was really a good thing. Of the young ones, Roberts and Havers appeared the most promising. Havers fell in the second round after a stiff match with Rowland Jones, but he had done enough by that time to convince all who watched him. He has a fine, upstanding style, combining plenty of power with agreeable ease and grace. The same may be said of Roberts, who covered himself with glory in this his first competition. He very much impressed Herd, his victim in the first round, and well he might, for not only was his driving long and straight, but he putted admirably and made some great recoveries at crucial moments. Roberts

survived till the fourth round, when he just lost to Rainford at the nineteenth hole. In that match he was obviously nervous, and small blame to him; but he is a player with a future.

Peter Rainford did very well in reaching the semi-final. He is not a young golfer and has been known a long time as a determined player. Against Duncan he played poorly, and when he is off his game he does not look like a good golfer, for his curious, scythe-like swing is not impressive. But his courageous finish against Ray with two beautiful runs-up and putts, and his dogged, resolute play throughout stamped him as a golfer who makes the very best of the gifts that he has. Whiting also did extremely well, and if he had not, as it appeared to the onlookers, grown suddenly appalled at the prospect of beating Duncan, he might have gone further yet. He has no great power, but he is very accurate and a good putter.

Finally, there must be a word of praise for the Walton Heath course. Not only was it in most perfect order, but it proved once again its merits as a really searching test of golf. The weather was all that could be wished, and yet the professionals, playing the powerful and accurate golf that they do, could never make the course look easy. Sometimes, indeed, they made it look almost as difficult as the most modest of amateurs could desire.

JOCKEY CLUB ADMINISTRATION

A SERIOUS SUGGESTION TO ITS MEMBERS.

THE nightmare of all that the great railway strike threatened by its continuance and extension has passed, and peace has returned, let us devoutly hope, for a long stay. Racing was stopped on the first day of the First October Meeting at Newmarket last week. That was the fourth day of the strike. The Government had to request the Jockey Club to bring all racing to a close because of the great national crisis and the urgent need of preventing the use of petrol by those who, whether for business or pleasure, would attend race meetings. I have no doubt that the majority of the members of the Jockey Club at this moment are regretting that the stoppage was not brought about on their own initiative instead of being practically ordered by the Government of the country. They must be conscious that their prestige has been seriously injured by the lamentable inability of those charged with the direction of Turf administration at that juncture to appreciate the gravity of the crisis and the urgent and insistent necessity of suspending racing without having to wait to be told to do so.

I read that the members who decided in belated and apologetic fashion to go on with racing in face of overwhelming public opinion were Lord Penryhn (Senior Steward) and Lord Harewood. Evidently Lord Durham and Lord Lonsdale, the other two Stewards, were cut off by the strikers from being able to influence the decision with their advice. The *Times* and other influential newspapers made caustic and severely condemnatory criticism of the action and example of the Jockey Club, and I do not suppose that in its long history the autocratic and exclusive body which administers the affairs of racing has ever been so trounced. Was it deserved? I think it was. The Club laid itself open to the attack and it simply courted the snub administered by the Government. I am sure the majority of the members must deeply regret an incident which will not be forgotten, perhaps never forgiven.

Apart from this most unfortunate demonstration of aloofness and disregard of public opinion, one seemed of late to have detected evidence of a sincere attempt on the part of the governing body to govern with less austerity and autocracy, with more sympathy, and with just a faint appreciation of the democratising influence of the war. As evidence one may note the appointment of a committee of the Club which has been at work for some time collecting data with a view to recommending legislation by which stakes might be enlarged and owners' contributions reduced, and racing generally brought more up to modern ideas. Why, it may be asked, this move out of circumscribed limits to which Jockey Club administration has at all times been rigidly confined? The answer is that the volume of criticism and general unrest and the steady work of the recently formed Thoroughbred Breeders' Association had become too insistent to be absolutely ignored.

Sometimes one wonders whether racing has really grown too big for proper administration by a self-constituted body, which throughout its long history has lived and been nourished on what, for want of a better word, is called tradition. "What has been, must be!"—such has seemed to be the motto of the Jockey Club. Its conservatism is beyond all belief. I sometimes doubt that it is fairly understood by its members, a number of whom are quite unknown in a national sense. Lord Rosebery, Lord Derby, Lord Durham, Lord Jersey, Sir Hedworth Meux and Lord Chaplin are known and much respected throughout

the country. There are others, too, well known outside racing; but little evidence is to be discovered of their active administration of Turf affairs. Lord Lonsdale, Captain Greer, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Sir John Thursby and Major Leonard Brassey have, in particular, taken their duties seriously; but the years go by, and though ideas and outlooks change and have changed a vast deal in the last ten years, Jockey Club administration continues to be a cold, nerveless and uninspiring function, perfunctorily performed and totally lacking in imagination and sympathy. The same devotion to tradition and distaste for publicity have seemed to characterise the channel through which Jockey Club policy and decisions filter through to the Press.

If I were to suggest reasons for what I have been writing about, I would unhesitatingly attribute much to the fact that the Jockey Club has never thought fit to make proper use of the great organs of the Press which, in their day-to-day presentation of news, must give prominence to racing. A first principle with the Club and its secretaries appears to be to avoid all first-hand contact with the Press; to ignore it in fact. Apparently they need reminding that the Press cannot be ignored. The history of the war and of this great railway strike is more than abundant proof of what I have said. How is it the War Cabinet has been able in the last three or four critical years to have its policy clearly explained and its aims understood by the public? Merely because the leading papers were taken into the confidence of Downing Street, and what Sir William Sutherland, M.P., inaugurated during the period when he was Private Secretary to the Prime Minister is continued to this day. The result has been, and must be, to avoid misinterpretation through withholding information and explanations from the Press, which undoubtedly is the chief factor in moulding public opinion. In Lord Stamfordham's apartments at Buckingham Palace there is a Press department, at the head of which is a trained journalist of repute. It was right that the public should know of the doings of their King and Queen, and the publicity, now made so much easier, has undoubtedly had an effect which was greatly desired and no other means could have brought about.

I mention these things because I am sure it would be for the good of racing were there in existence a desire to help the increasingly difficult work of the Jockey Club by making fuller and more intimate use of the Press. I have no doubt those writers of standing who specialise in racing matters would welcome an invitation to closer quarters, for it would help them. Often, they would be inspired as to the right interpretation to place on Jockey Club decisions and policy, whereas at present they must grope in the dark. The Club cannot for ever go on having their policy at times misunderstood and therefore wrongly criticised. Such criticisms would at least be confined to fair issues, and not imaginary ones, were the Jockey Club to realise that the only way is to open up altogether new relations with the Press—not the existing attitude of almost contemptuous aloofness, but one dictated by sound business sense, sympathy, imagination, and a constant desire to keep the world well and truthfully informed on the Club's high ideals.

As I am closing these notes I am requested by a correspondent to express an opinion on the Cesarewitch now that racing is practically assured. I narrow down the issue to Golden Melody, Unitoi and Gay Lord, and I like them in that order.

PHILIPPOS.

NATURE NOTES

BUFFALO HERDS OF ALBERTA

FIFTY years ago, as everyone knows, the plains of Western Canada were black with countless numbers of buffalo. To-day, with the exception of one herd roaming in the Great Slave district of the far north, there is not a single wild buffalo in Canada except those which are to be found in the Government herds in the great fenced reserves known as the Buffalo and Elk Island National Parks in Alberta.

The history of these herds is an interesting one. About 1907 Michael Pablo, of Montana, a half-breed Indian, who was the owner of one of the few remaining pure bred buffalo herds in the world, learned that the United States Government purposed throwing open the Indian Reserve on which he lived for settlement, which meant that Pablo would be deprived of his buffalo range.

Faced with this problem Pablo appealed to the United States Government and endeavoured to get them to purchase his herd. Although the project was strongly supported by Theodore Roosevelt, for some reason it fell through. Pablo then approached an official of the immigration service to see whether he could secure grazing privileges for his herd in Alberta. This official transferred his request to Ottawa, and the Canadian Government, realising that this was probably the last opportunity to secure specimens of what had once been the most characteristic native animal, made him an offer of purchase at \$250 per head. Pablo accepted and the work of rounding up was begun. The story of the capture is one of the most exciting in the cow-boy annals of the West. Only after three years hard work on the part of Pablo and a band of the cleverest cow-boys of the West, was the herd finally secured. It is said that the expense of the round up almost equalled the sale price, but Pablo had a high sense of honour and stuck to his bargain, though the delivery entailed enormous labour and expense for himself. It was thought that the herd would not total over 300 head, but in the end over 700 were finally captured, although a few outlaws, absolutely, recalcitrant, had to be left on the range.

The buffalo were shipped by special express trains to Canada and, until the 178 miles of fence could be erected at Buffalo Park, were placed in Elk Island Park. Later all but about 90 were removed to the Wainwright Park, a reservation covering 160 square miles on the prairies in what had been a favourite habitat of their ancestors. Here the buffalo have lived under practically wild conditions and have thrived exceedingly well. The last count shows over 3,800 and there will probably be 4,000 by the autumn, or an increase of over 500 per cent. in ten years. The buffalo are very valuable, both on account of the meat and the robe. A good specimen of the latter is worth about \$300. The head mounted sometimes sells for as much as \$500. In view of their increasing numbers it is probable that the Canadian Government will soon consider some policy for the commercial disposal of a certain number of the buffalo each year, especially of the surplus males.

S. W.

BIRD DISCIPLINE.

Flocks of birds vary in their behaviour as much as the individuals of different species. The roving parties of tits and other small birds that wander through the woods breaking the winter silence with their cheerful calls seem to move forward to break and re-unite, to draw one or two more birds into their company, without any idea of order; the party is just a loose, straggling band of happy marauders, trailing across the country, each one keeping in touch with his neighbour as long as he cares to by merry shouts, then quietly dropping out and returning to the silence of his winter's abode.

Order is not to be found among the vulgar sparrows, as they descend upon the summer corn, nor their cousins, the

chaffinches, which fly up singly, or a few at a time, from under the beeches where they feed in winter. There seems to be some method in the daily flights of rooks, from roost to feeding-ground and from one field to another. They move, to all appearance, at stated times, within certain limits; but the morning and evening flight is carried out by small parties, not by all together, and when the feeding flock rises from a field, or descends upon it, the birds do not move by any sudden impulse.

What a contrast is the sudden precision with which some of the small waders on the shore, and still more the starlings, rise suddenly from their feeding-grounds, and turn and twist with baffling rapidity, yet with geometrical exactitude, as they rush through the air! How is it done? The question has often been asked, but never, as far as I know, adequately answered. The problem is generally regarded as one of leadership. Who is the leader, how is he chosen, what signal does he give, when do the birds practice their drill so as to achieve such marvellous precision of movement? I doubt, however, if it depends on any leader, or any drill. To be sure, there is a "leader" of every skein of geese, in the sense that one flies in front of the rest, and there may be one starling in front of the rest in each single movement of the flock. But I am quite satisfied from my own observations that the same bird does not "lead," in this sense at least, in all the evolutions of the flock. Again, it is clear that the discipline is not "absolute." The main mass of the flock may perform some strange twist or turn, while one, or a few, go off in another direction, either to rejoin the flock a few seconds

later, or to leave it altogether.

The most extraordinary instance of effective starling discipline that I have ever heard of is mentioned in a recent paper by Mr. H. M. Wallis. In this instance the flock swept down in an almost solid mass upon a peregrine falcon and nearly drove it down to destruction. Mr. Wallis does not attempt an explanation, feeling, no doubt, that only a starling could explain. Yet surely such an act, demanded by a sudden unexpected emergency and carried

through by a concourse of birds, all of which are most unlikely ever before together to have been faced with a similar situation, is utterly inexplicable by any theory of leadership. It surely implies rather what may be called an instinctive (as opposed to a conscious) telepathy affecting each individual. That is to say, the impulse to fall on to the falcon took hold of some birds and was instantaneously passed on by no outward signal, but by telepathic agency to all ready to react to some impulse that would combat the foe.

Human beings so rarely respond in their whole nature to instinctive impulses without the smallest self-conscious or reasoning purposefulness, that it is hard to express in language the overwhelming and instantaneous effect such an impulse may surely have upon creatures that do not reason.

However this may be, the above instance seems to me quite the most effective effort I have ever heard of on the part of a flock of birds to thwart the strong foe. But even the less disciplined flocks seem able to confuse the enemy. I have just been watching a merlin sweep along a shore covered with birds. First it struck at a flock of tame pigeons; here it was, perhaps, confused by the bewildering flutter of wings; at any rate, it missed, but singled out one pigeon, which it chased, twice struck at, but still missed. Meanwhile other birds—gulls, lapwings and a flock of Sandwich terns—had risen into the air. Whether the merlin struck at any of these I cannot say, for after failing with the pigeon it was lost to view against the waves. Possibly it made an attempt at the terns. But what was specially noticeable in the behaviour of the terns was their clamour. Does noise also confuse an enemy? Or is it only part of the inevitable expression of excitement? In origin, at any rate, it is probably only an expression of excitement, but it may have a protective value too.

H. G. ALEXANDER.



IN WAINWRIGHT PARK.